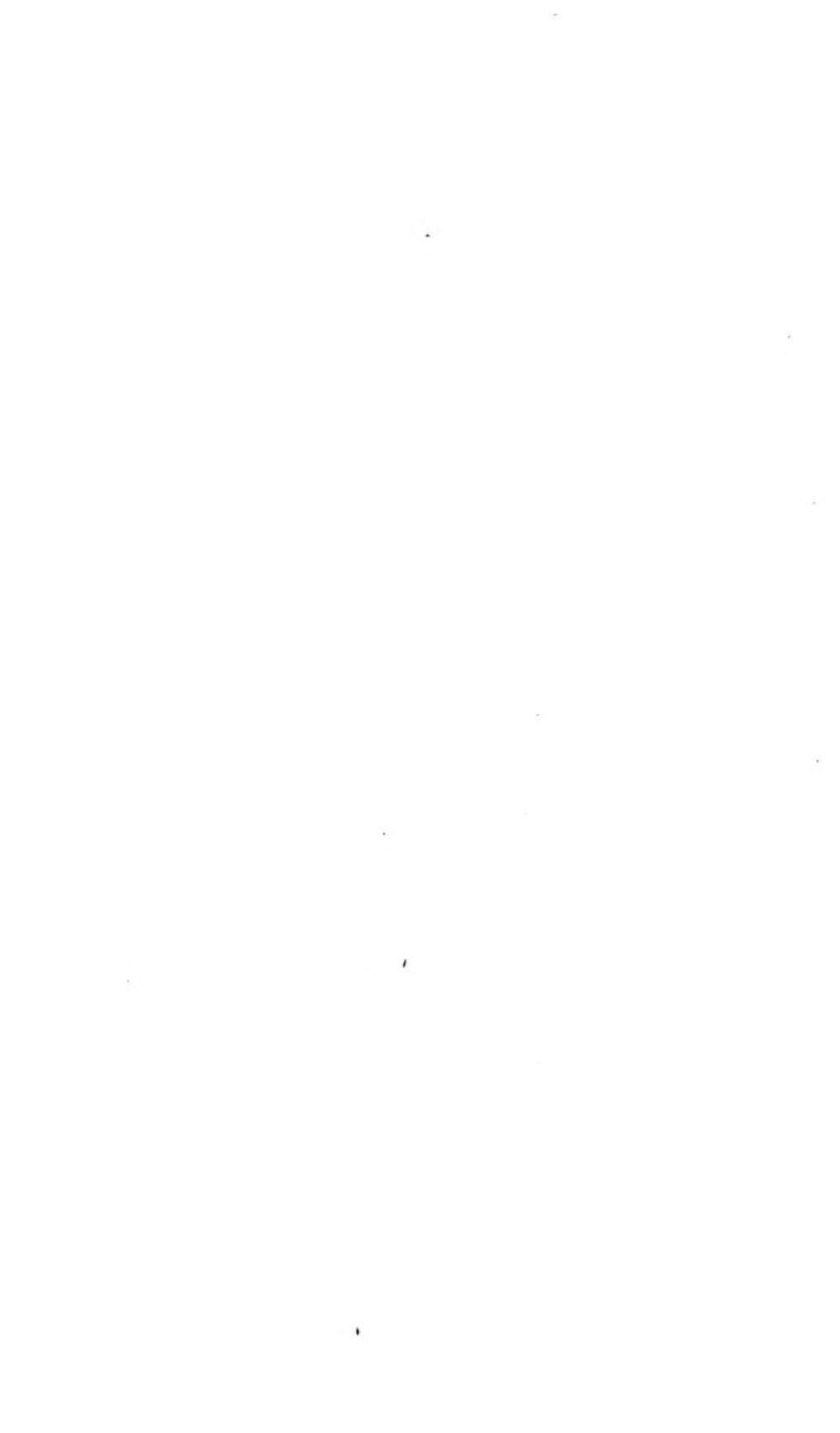


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**ALICE M.
GUERNSEY**



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Citizens of tomorrow



CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW

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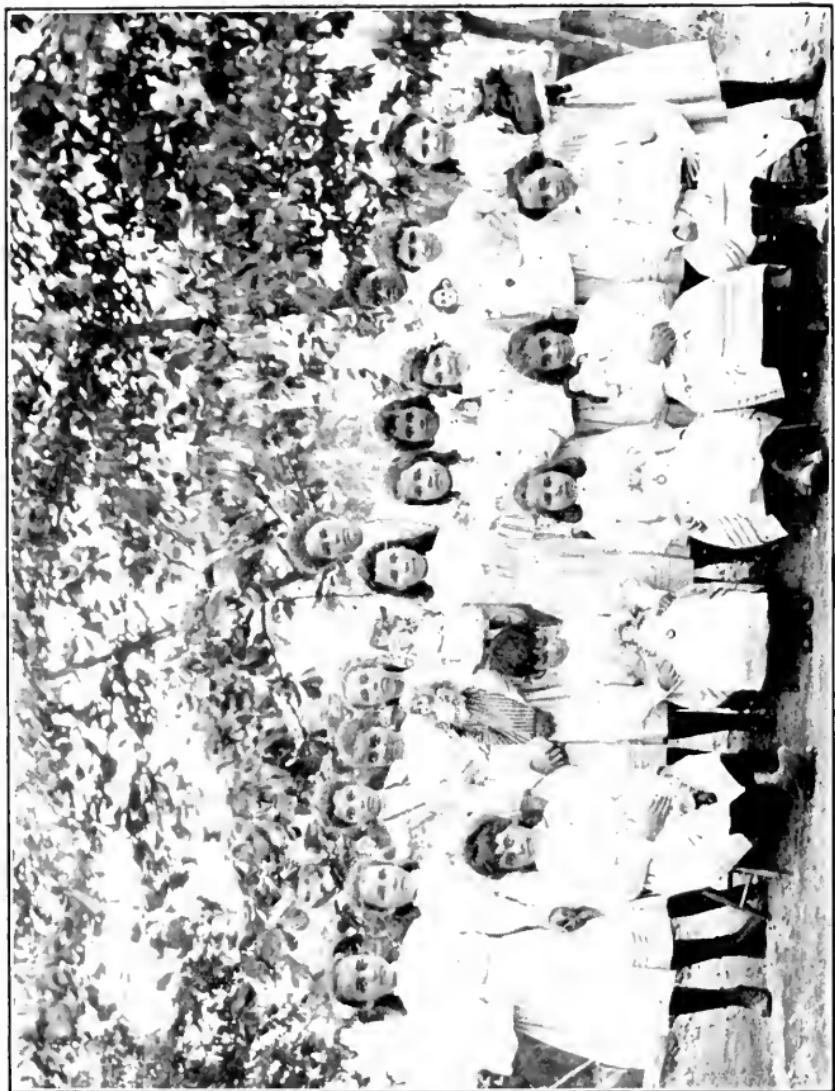
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*A Study of Childhood and Youth from
the Standpoint of Home Mission Work*

By
ALICE M. GUERNSEY
Author of "Under Our Flag"

His children he first makes Christians and then
commonwealth's men. The first he owes to his
heavenly country, the other to his earthly.—*George
Herbert.*

As thy servant was busy here and there [the
child] was gone.—*1 Kings 20:40.*



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From the Editorial Committee

Text-books of the Home Mission Study Course

Under Our Flag.—*Alice M. Guernsey.*

The Burden of the City.—*Isabelle Horton.*

Indian and Spanish Neighbours.—*Julia H. Johnston.*

The Incoming Millions.—*Howard B. Grose, D. D.*

IN adding a fifth volume to the series, the Interdenominational Committee desires to call special attention to its topic—not a continuation, presenting other fields of home mission effort, but a foundation, underlying the work in all fields. Important topics remain to be considered in later books, but none can be presented that is of more vital interest to every worker for God and every lover of the Republic.

The body of this book portrays, in the main, only conditions that demand missionary and philanthropic effort. This is especially true of the chapter on "Children of Toil." Those who wish to consider, at the same time, "the brighter side," will find some of its most interesting and important phases suggested and described in the appendix.

THE VIEWPOINT

"This is a task neither for sect nor section. The cause of childhood is the cause of humanity. We lay, therefore, on the nation's heart the burden of American childhood—ignorant and helpless to-day, but of infinite possibilities for to-morrow."



THE VIEWPOINT

(*To be read in Auxiliary or Circle Meeting*)

“ **A**LL sorts and conditions of children”—white, black, yellow and red—children in cabins and tepees, in shacks and adobes, in pueblos and igloos, in homes and hovels—children in schools and churches, and children who have had no chance for either—and all growing up, all destined, if they live, to be American citizens—these are the factors that make up our greatest American problem to-day.

The catalogue of one of the largest and best libraries in the city of New York, contains long lists of books and magazine articles under the general heading of “Child Study.” The subject is presented in numberless aspects—physical, mental and moral, embryonic and defective, from the standpoint of parent and teacher, and, strange to say, from that of the child himself. His inner life is placed on the scales—as if they could weigh it! Who fathoms the thought behind those great blue eyes through which the soul of a babe answers his mother’s call?

Summaries experimental, pedagogical and psychological, are given. Town children in the country and “country cousins” come to town,

are inspected, their pets and their games, their books and their ideas, their rights and their wrongs, are set forth in English, Dutch, German and French—never in Latin or Greek ; the dead nations did not study childhood—that is why they died.

But in no title in the long, long list is there any recognition of the child as related to the future. No slightest hint is given that the child must be saved to-day if we are to “save the nation” to-morrow. And yet just here is the chief battle-ground of the forces that make for righteousness. Just here, with the children growing up into youth, must be solved the problems of race, of temperance, of civic duties and privileges, of all that affects citizenship in a Republic.

Among the groups of statuary adorning the grounds of the Columbian Exposition, was one whose central figure was a woman form. Her left arm shaded her eyes as she looked forward, seeming to question what the future would bring forth. Her right arm supported a child—and the child bore a torch. The symbolism was perfect. The child bears, and has ever borne, the torch of liberty to light the oncoming day, or the flame of anarchy and destruction. Which shall it be ?

NATIVE AMERICANS

“If you catch character young and at the right moment, you can do almost anything with it.”

“The child is the saviour of the race. What we do for the child, for his protection, for his education, for his training for the duties of manhood, for securing the rights and prolonging the period of childhood, is the measure of what we shall accomplish for the race that is to be.”

“How infinitely long would it take to absorb the Italians, Russians, Poles, Swedes, Finns, and other European immigrants into our American life were it not for the public day schools where races intermingle, and the pupils of the school become the teachers in the homes to which they return every day! No foreigners who come to our shores are penned off by themselves and excluded from our national life as the Indians have been, or they would all be foreigners still. Our children are the natural educators of us all. Not of any chosen people but of all races of mankind is it true that ‘a little child shall lead them.’”

BIBLE LESSON

The Law of the Child

Do not sin against the child.—Gen. 42:22.

(How is the sin of Joseph's brethren against their brother paralleled to-day?)

He shall tell thee what shall become of the child.—
I Kings 14:3.

(In this case there was pronounced a sentence of death for the child and of destruction for the dynasty. How may the lesson be applied to the United States?)

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Prov. 22:6.

(What bearing have this command and this promise upon national duty?)

He commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children.—Ps. 78:5, 6.

(What things should be made known to the children? Why? Ps. 78:7.)

Teach us what we shall do unto the child.—Judges 13:8.

(How is the prayer of Manoah applicable to our times and our people?)

I NATIVE AMERICANS

“ **W**E, the people of the United States,” declared and won its independence and made its constitution. You and I, “the people” of to-day, while recognizing some, at least, of the mistakes and the failures of the past fifteen hundred years, are yet proud of “our” country, and stand ready to give to her our hearts’ full measure of devotion. But when we trace back our ancestral lines two, three or four generations, but few of us find the beginnings of our family life on this side the seas. If the traditional “three brothers” did not come from England, they came from some other country, and made for themselves new homes in the New World, securing their foothold, by trade or conquest, from those who were owners of forest and field before the records of history began.

INDIANS

So far as the United States is concerned, the Indians, with the Aleuts and Eskimos of Alaska, are the only “native Americans,” however much we may pride ourselves on being “to the manner born.”

Does some one say, "The pure-blooded Indians are fast disappearing"? True. But those of mixed Indian and white blood, the quarter and half-breeds, are increasing in number, and already form an important part of our body politic.

"They are rapidly taking on the white man's ways"? Too rapidly, alas, if the white man's whiskey reaches them. But although they are accepting tribal disbandment and land allotment, these are not the only things needed to make good Indian citizens.

Sitting Bull and Geronimo and Rain-in-the-Face, and other chiefs whose deeds and names are inseparable from American history, will soon be but memories. But there are thousands of young "braves" and dusky maidens, of Indian boys and girls, who are soon to be the leaders of the people as well as "the people" themselves. An Indian is an honoured member of the United States Senate to-day, helping to frame the laws under which we live and work. Others will follow him, and still more will be lawmakers in towns and cities, and govern, or help to govern, the descendants of those whom their ancestors fought with tomahawks and scalping-knives. Such are the revenges of Time.

It goes without saying that many have been reached by Christianity and civilization. But no argument save that of facts is required to show that, in spite of all that has been done, there are

still needs among the Indians that call for missionary effort.

We are comparatively familiar with Indian children and youth in wigwams and tepees, in camps, hogans and pueblos. But there is an other type that has been less carefully studied, perhaps because it is nearer at hand. There is scarcely a summer resort in which a company of Indians, including a "medicine man," is not found during the warm season, selling bead-work and baskets, and working doubtful "cures." Who thinks about the children that form a part of the "encampment"? Who helps to keep them from the physical and moral contagion that are on every hand? Who asks about their school attendance during any portion of the year? Who deplores the atmosphere of imitation savagery that is a part of the stock in trade of their elders? Who invites them to Sunday-school and church, or once remembers that they are citizens of to-morrow?

FOUNDATIONS

What is there in the Indian character that gives hope for its future? What foundations are there on which to build the superstructure of manhood and womanhood? Space forbids more than brief answers.

Hospitality is a prime requisite, obedience and respect for older persons are inculcated from

earliest years. Bravery and indifference to pain are an essential part of the training of Indian children. "It is no disgrace for a boy or man to cry because of sorrow"—so the teaching runs—"but he must never cry from pain."

Reverence is among the first lessons of the Indian child, prayers to the "Great Unknown" and sacrifices even of one's choicest treasures are enjoined as binding obligations. The child is trained from birth in an atmosphere of worship. The Indian is so full of this spirit that to educate his hand and brain and leave his soul untaught, untrained, is to rob him of far more than is given him. Hence the earnest plea for Christian schools, "where men and women work for souls and for eternity as well as time."

There are, of course, failings to offset these virtues—such contrasts are not unknown among white men and women. Polygamy and the putting away of husbands and wives without other ceremony are common. Happy girl life is practically unknown. Often a girl is married at twelve years of age, and to a man old enough to be her father, or grandfather. The native religion is largely superstition, and its practices are heathen. "Snake dances, feather dances, ghost dances, corn dances, and many more, are used to propitiate the spirits, insure good crops or secure success in hunting or war." Of the laws of health, of matters of propriety and

manners, from the standpoint of civilization, there is absolute ignorance. And yet, while taking account of all the evil tendencies, the problem of Christian education for Indian childhood and youth is full of encouragement. If only they can be guarded and guided until the foundation of righteousness is firmly established, they will manifest courtesy and cordiality to their fellow men, they will be brave and strong, they will recognize a Power higher than their own and worthy of devotion and worship. And these are traits of good citizenship.

"But even when they have been educated," says some objector, "they go back to their old ways, put on the blanket dress, and forget what they have learned." Oh, no, not all do that, by any means. But few white people realize what Indian lads and maidens have to encounter when returning from distant schools to their uncivilized homes. They come to dugouts, or similar dwellings, without furniture or other appliances of home-making, in place of the neat schoolrooms in which they have been trained. There is little opportunity for earning money, especially for the girls. Solemn family and tribal councils dictate their future in no friendly spirit.

If a white child were thus situated, he would run away, sure that in some other community he could secure work and be able to make an honest living. But where can an Indian boy or girl go?

It requires strength of character beyond the ordinary to resist under such conditions, and to remain true to the teachings received. All honour to those who do resist, and in so doing become real uplifting forces among their people.

“Does it pay?” is the initial question of the times. So it is not strange if some one asks, “Why have mission schools for the Indians in places where there are government schools?” The question may find reply through another: “Why have church schools been established for our own children side by side with first-class public schools?” The answer to both is well stated in a leaflet published by the American Missionary Association :

The most essential work to be done for the Indian is religious. We have before us now the problem of the Indian who has lost the faith of his fathers and has found nothing to take its place. His last state is worse than his first. To meet this condition and need, the government school is helpless. God's call is for the Christian church to fulfill its mission. We must provide the Christian school, which can do for the Indian three essential things above and beyond what the government school can. First, it can introduce the Indian to the Christian life. That it can do this successfully is proved by the fact that ninety per cent. of those who go through our missionary schools now, go out as professing Christians.

Second, it can establish the growing boys and girls of the Indians in habits of Christian thinking and doing, in the practice of right and loving relationships with others, and bring them into full possession of social ideals that are Christian.

Third, it can send out trained young men and women to lift

their own people to the same plane of living. The greatest need of every tribe is trained Christian leaders from among their own people. These the government school, in the very nature of the case, cannot supply. How do we, white Americans, get such leaders? Certainly the public school does not supply them. We have Christian schools and academies, normal training-schools, the Christian college and theological seminary. A necessity to the right solution of the Indian problem is the missionary schools.

A familiar story states that a small "brave" who was bound to his mother's back in customary Indian fashion, said, "I go ahead backwards. I don't know what is coming, so I can't dodge it until it is passed." Apocryphal as the story may be, its application to much of the Indian "policy" of the past is unquestioned. But among the missionary societies, at least, there is no "going ahead backwards." They have learned that the key to the situation, with the Indians as with other races, is in the hands of these same little papooses, and they are loosening the thongs that bind them hand and foot in their cradles, are placing them on their feet and teaching those feet to walk in straight paths. They are training them for to-morrow.

OPPORTUNITIES FOUND AND MADE

The great difference between us and the Indians is the difference of opportunities.—*Captain Pratt, Superintendent of Carlisle Indian School.*

Dr. Montezuma, a full-blooded Apache, worked his way through school and graduated from a Chicago medical college

at the age of twenty-five, afterwards becoming resident physician at Carlisle Indian School. "My case," he asserts, "is exceptional only because I have received exceptional treatment." What change would have been made in the pages of American history if to the Apache tribe, notoriously warlike and bloodthirsty, there had been given "exceptional treatment"!

"A daughter of a Shaker—not the quaint and harmless sect that the East knows, but a strange, hybrid, pagan superstition grafted on ceremonial forms of Catholicism, a sect of itself—fired by ambition to gain education and learn white people's ways, inspired by the example of more fortunate associates, braved her father's anger and refused to marry the man to whom she had been bartered according to custom. For months and years she withheld persuasion, commands, threats and beatings. Once, after running away at the risk of her life, she was returned to her father. At last she won the privilege of attending school and learning to work. Have her white sisters sacrificed so much for so little?"

"In one Indian home where three years ago piles of mats and rags on the floor answered for a bed, and only a stove, a trunk, and a table furnished the room, there are now three beds covered with patchwork quilts, a rocking-chair and plain chairs, a bureau, curtains at the windows, and pictures on the walls. In the kitchen are chairs, a table, and dishes on which wholesome food is served. Mother and daughter have replaced the blanket by hat and cape. The children have hats and bonnets and go to school." So much for the power of kindly example and personal influence.

No statement of Indian possibilities would be complete without mention of the alphabet of the Cherokee language, invented by Sequoyah, a half-breed of the tribe. For twelve years he pondered over the mystery of the white man's "talking papers," and studied out the symbols that now represent the eighty-six sounds of the Cherokee tongue.

What a pity that no actual picture could be "taken on the spot," of the solemn tribal council that considered and formally adopted this alphabet! Thanks to this adoption, many of "the Cherokee traditions, charms and sacred formulas" were preserved as in no other Indian tribes. What hieroglyphics have done for ancient history, Sequoyah's alphabet has done for the Cherokees.

I have thirty pupils on roll, boys and girls, ages between ten and twenty years. They live from one to six miles from school, and they have to walk that distance every day. I find that they are very regular in attendance. During the winter in the worst blizzard (and you know something of North Dakota blizzards), they came just the same. Some of them are poorly off in clothing, still they don't seem to mind that. The younger children sometimes come on their mothers' or grandmothers' backs.—*From a letter by Robert Higheagle, a Hampton graduate, and teacher of a government school for the Sioux, in North Dakota, among Indians who are citizens and receive no government help.*

A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN

Put yourselves in the red man's place. Fight for home and country for three hundred years, a retreating battle against ever-increasing numbers. Leave your altars and the ashes of your dead beneath every step of your conqueror's feet and still fight on. Surrender forest, mountain and plain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, until you reach your Thermopylæ in the last stronghold, the granite peaks of the Rockies, and the blackened craters of the Sierras.

Is this man worthy of your steel? If he is not, then tear the eagles from the shoulders of every one of your military men who won promotion for his defeat.

Take one example—Joseph, the Nez Perces. You gave the star of a brigadier-general not to the man who defeated him, but to the man to whom he surrendered. Did he not manoeuvre general after general, and wear out army after army in

that remarkable retreat of eighteen hundred miles, in which he was impeded by his women and children until the snows of winter caught them in the mountains? It was winter and the moans of the suffering little ones that defeated him. It was not the fear of the military, but the cries of his helpless, freezing children that melted his warrior heart. The soul of a grand manhood breathes in his words of capitulation : " I can fight you longer, General Miles, and I would, but my women and children are freezing, and I cannot stand their cries."

Is there nothing in this to honour, and is not such nobility worthy of a star, even though it be found in an untutored red man? Is not such manhood worth saving?

Later, the terms upon which this man surrendered were broken, and he and his people were held as prisoners of war in the Indian Territory.

There, as I stood in the midst of one hundred little graves (every child born to them in captivity died before it reached the age of three years), this man, battle-scarred and heart-broken, stood by my side and said, " These little graves tell no lies; keep them in your heart; tell it to the Great Father at Washington, and maybe he will keep his word and have pity on my dying people." Again I ask, " Is not this man and the race he represents worth saving ?"—*George Lawrence Spinning in Home Mission Monthly.*

UNDER CHRISTIAN TEACHING

The young woman who is trying to lead a Christian life takes her Sunday-school pictures home and pins them upon the log wall under the gourds that her father obtained from a Southern conjurer at a great price. These gourds have shot in them, which will be rattled to drive away demons in case of sickness. The young Christian man will be led by his relatives to look on at the heathen dance and there in the excitement and crowd the "little stick" will be forced upon him and he will feel obliged to give up his property. Then he comes away impoverished and ashamed.—*Rev. C. L. Hall.*

" Some of the young Poncas have been brought under the

influences of the gospel, but they are persecuted, reviled, and discouraged. Talking with one of them one day, he said, ‘ You almost persuade me to be a Christian, but oh, you cannot know what we young men have to endure when we turn to the right way.’ ”

Testimony of Christian Indians.—“ I am different since I came under Jesus. I do not do like I used to do. I used to swear at my wife. Now I do not kick my dog. I feel different inside. I believe Jesus in me.”

Another said, “ I got plenty devil outside me, but Jesus man got Jesus in him.”

“ When I first became a Christian I thought if I was baptized I was all right. I thought when I was baptized I was saved and I could do what I wanted and do as I liked. I thought I could go on gambling and drinking just the same. But now I know that it is not that baptizing that saves me. I must follow the Jesus road and try to do right and give up the old way.”

“ Among the Sioux Indians a baby was dying. It lay in its father’s arms, while near by stood another little daughter, a few years older, who was a Christian.

“ ‘ Father,’ said the little girl, ‘ little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let us pray! ’ As she said this she kneeled at her father’s knee, and this sweet prayer fell from her lips: ‘ Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen.’ ”

From a letter written by Saddle Mountain Mission Indians to an Indian agent whose young son had suffered amputation of a leg.—“ To-day we have learned that great sorrow has come to your life because your boy, whom you love very dearly, has had to suffer again. We are only poor Indians, and we cannot help you any, but we all feel that we can tell you that we are sorry for you and for him.

“ When a big storm comes, our horses bunch together between the mountains, and stand with their heads down, trying to keep each other warm. A great storm of trouble has come

to you and to us, lately. Let us put our hearts together, and with our heads bowed down try to comfort each other under the shadows of the mighty Rock, Jesus.

"We are poor Indians and cannot help you any, but we can promise you that we will be good citizens and not give you any trouble. We put our hearts beside yours in your trouble, and pray that both you and your boy may meet us some day in the home Jesus is preparing for us all."

WHAT AMERICA WANTS

"If the Indians had not been a rare race they would have been destroyed or assimilated long ago. But they are Indian to the backbone still. We who are proud of our Anglo-Saxon traits thank God that the Indian could neither be destroyed nor enslaved. He would die, but he would never be a crouching suppliant at his white foe's feet. Pure Indian blood is the blood of royalty, and in every heart beats the spirit of a king, and what America wants is kingly citizens."

ALASKANS

The Alaskan peninsula with its adjacent islands is a land of contrasts. There are long, dark winters and short, hot summers; treeless plains and plains clad with "an unbroken carpet of verdure"; volcanic cones, marvellous glaciers, and tundras carpeted with moss and lichens; sections where the white man has never penetrated and the polar bear has few rivals in the animal kingdom, and others where salmon fishing, drying, and canning have brought something of eastern civilization.

Its homes are as varied as its natural conditions. The Innuit or Eskimos, living chiefly



"A LONE, LONE LAND"

A missionary in Alaska looking toward home. "They count not life
to be dear to them," but they watch and pray for reinforcements

along the coast, make for their winter dwellings circular mounds of earth covered with grass, and entered through a small, narrow hallway; the main room is from twelve to twenty feet in diameter, without light or ventilation except through a hole in the top for the escape of the smoke. In the summer they live nomadic lives, camping where they find opportunity to lay in supplies of salmon and seal for their winter needs.

The Aleuts, occupying the Aleutian islands and portions of the mainland, have been in the pathway of whaling vessels and sealers, and thus learned more of civilization. They build small, and somewhat rude houses, often of sods (barabaras), and some of them have stoves, beds, and other conveniences.

The Indians—including various tribes, as the Chilkat, Thlinget, and Hydah—are scattered over both mainland and islands. They are warlike and savage, the terror, as a rule, of the other inhabitants. The familiar totem columns characterize many of their villages.

On King's Island is a village of cave-dwellers, whose underground houses are dug in the side of a hill close by a permanent snowbank that fills a ravine to the height above the water of some eight hundred feet. In a natural cave with a huge bank of perpetual snow at its back, is "the storehouse" of the whole village. As the tem-

perature never rises above freezing point, walrus and seal stored there soon freeze solid and keep indefinitely—Nature's "cold storage."

Among conditions like these, shut away from civilization and Christianity, save as missionary effort reaches them, American boys and girls are growing up to be American citizens. We are but just beginning to realize the wonderful natural resources of this region. Exploration and trade are revealing new wealth to such an extent that none dares prophesy what Alaska will become in the next twenty-five years. But one thing is certain—from homes such as those described we cannot expect trained manhood and womanhood.

With the needs of Alaskans, young and old, no one is more conversant than the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., LL. D., United States General Agent of Education in Alaska, and an earnest missionary worker. Dr. Jackson says:

' The Eskimos are barbarians, and with the exception of those in Southern Alaska, have not had civilizing, educational or religious advantages. . . . Five seems to be the basis and almost the extent of their mathematical knowledge. After the age of four is reached, none of the parents can tell the age of their children.

Polygamy prevails among the Alaskan Indians, and wives are taken and discarded at pleasure. Female infanticide is occasionally practiced. Shamanism and witchcraft, with all their attendant barbarities, prevail. . . . The husband buys his wife, frequently a mere girl, from her parents.

"Passing from house to house [among the Eskimos of St. Lawrence Island] I was followed by a crowd of dirty but bright-looking children. From the eldest to the child just able to talk, they asked me for tobacco, which is used by both sexes and all ages, down to the nursing child."

Other missionaries tell similar stories of ignorance and need. Intoxicants, obtained from white men or smuggled in by Chinese employees of the canneries, do their deadly work here, as elsewhere, and we need not wonder at the "starving children shivering with cold." "Such charity as may be found among a heathen people" is poor comfort or support for a destitute child. Epidemics, as of measles and the grip, sometimes sweep away whole villages, their ravages being unknown until months afterwards, it may be, a whaling ship or a sealer casts anchor to find only corpses left to tell the tale.

Such are the conditions in Alaska, and one instinctively asks, "Is it possible for children living thus, with such hereditary influences behind them, and at such distances from civilized Christianity, to become intelligent youths and to grow up into intelligent citizens?" Commerce gives no encouraging answer; the white men of the ships are the curse of Alaskan girls. We must turn again to a story of missionary life, no less heroic than any that challenges our admiration. An annual report of the Sitka training-school names among the occupations of its graduates,

boat-building, carpentry, dressmaking, steam engineering, teaching, hospital nursing, and missionary work, as well as presiding, as wives and mothers, over intelligent Christian homes. There must be natural capabilities to bring results like these.

This school is a veritable House of Refuge for helpless Alaskan youths, as the following incidents prove:

A few years ago a little girl was accused of witchcraft. The tribe bound her with a rope. A stalwart chief, holding one end of the rope, walked in advance, dragging the child after him, while another came behind, holding the other end of the rope. These men were the admiration of the tribe for their bravery in holding between them a puny, starved child of ten. She was rescued and taken to the Mission Home.

Another girl, to prevent becoming a plural wife with her own mother, by marriage to her stepfather, ran away and came to the school.

One of the boys had been sold as a slave twice before he was brought to the school. Another had been tied up as a worker of witchcraft, and kept for days without food. A third had been shot as a slave.

Eskimo and Aleutian children, as a rule, are much prettier than Indian boys and girls, having a certain delicacy and refinement in their features —apparent after they are clean and properly dressed. Here, as in most mission fields, the work of bodily cleansing is no small part of the missionary's tasks. A missionary in Unalaska writes of one of these girls: "Pretty child! I

often look into the future, pondering her fate, with a sad heart. Sometimes I wish the good God would take her home. Her head is a mop of nut-brown curls with gold tangled in the meshes, and the most flowerlike little face. Her mother has sunk to the depths, and wants some one to take her little girl and save her. She has considerable ability and a capacity for joy to be envied."

Through the tireless efforts of Dr. Jackson, the United States government has imported reindeer from Siberia, and these furnish the beginning of a new and important help for Alaska. They multiply rapidly, and their flesh for food and fur for clothing, besides their usefulness for driving, are most valuable to the Arctic dwellers. A new occupation, as herders, is thus opened up to the young men of this region, and it promises much for the future of Alaska.

SOME ALASKAN YOUNG PEOPLE

A six-year-old Eskimo boy was brought from Point Barrow, the most northern settlement on the American continent, and placed in the Mission School at Sitka. Six years later, he was sent to the Carlisle school, from which he graduated with honour, and went to college.

An orphan boy begged to be allowed to go to school, but his uncle claimed his services as a help in his fishing, and refused to spare him. One day, while the two were a long distance from shore, the uncle, angry at the boy's persistence, threw him out of the canoe and told him to go to school if he wanted to.

After a fearful struggle with the waves, the little fellow reached the shore and the school.

"He was the first of the pupils to give his heart to the Saviour, and through his efforts his heathen aunt and uncle and other relatives became Christians. He was brought East and given a course of training in Mt. Vernon, Mass., and returning to his people, was made interpreter and assistant missionary. When he died, in the autumn of 1902, scores of the natives claimed him as their spiritual father."

In 1898 a Chicago capitalist, attracted by an Aleut girl in the Mission Home at Unalaska, took her home with him, placing her in one of the best schools of Chicago. Entering the third grade, she graduated in five years at the head of her class, and received a gold medal in competition with twelve hundred boys and girls from the best American homes.

Frances Willard, a young Thlinget girl, was educated in the East, and returning as a missionary to her own people, has reduced their language to writing and prepared a dictionary of the same.

"The story of Metlakahtla" is a marvellous rehearsal of the power of the gospel to regenerate Alaskan savages as really and as completely as if they were on the South Sea Islands or in the interior of Africa. Another of the Alaskan contrasts is thus pictured:

"The first sight the missionary beheld on coming to this people was the cremation of a living mother by two infuriated braves she had suckled at her breast. The first thing we saw ashore, forty years later, was a crippled mother being carried to church by her two stalwart sons. Who wouldn't rather accomplish a work like this than explore continents, discover gold, measure glaciers, weigh mountains, build railroads, climb to the stars, and explain the universe?"

"No heathenism under the stars and stripes"? An Alaskan lad of fifteen years, a convert to Christianity, was buried alive,

because he had aroused the wrath of the superstitious old men of his tribe by denouncing the mummeries of the medicine men. The missionary, searching for the boy, found a new-made grave, which he quickly opened. The poor little lad was still alive, but died a few hours later from the suffering and fright.

"God give me His salvation," said Adlooot, a converted Alaskan who became an efficient missionary to his people, "maybe a barrel or more. I don't know how much. Thinks I cannot measure it. My heart feels like glory inside and I likes to hear some one say it."

Surely the heroic men and women who voluntarily shut themselves out of the world and calmly face, year after year, a polar winter, with its long, depressing night (which hardy men in Arctic exploration get enough of in two years), who brave alike the fanaticism and superstition of ignorant and barbarous people, and treat with diseases as deadly and dangerous as leprosy—who do all this gladly that they may carry to those dark, wretched and cruel northern homes the light and joy of the gospel, deserve and should have, the daily remembrance at the Throne of Grace, of all of God's people.—*Dr. Sheldon Jackson.*

A silent land !

Send sweet speech of the word of God,
Through snowy silence, o'er bloomless sod.
The gospel story rings through our lands,
Send its music to those still strands,
That silent land.

A lone, lone land !

Circle the icy zone with prayer,
Pour out your gold for the heralds there.
Care for them, plead for them ; harvest yield,
Send more labourers into the field,
To that lone land.

A lone, lone land !
 They heed not peril, nor toil, nor shame ;
 They count not life to be dear to them.
 Shall we our worldly goods withhold ?
 Shall we keep back our silver and gold
 From that lone land ?

—*Selected.*

REVIEW QUESTIONS

Indians

- Who are the real “native Americans”?
- What special needs among the Indians call for missionary effort?
- What Indian traits constitute a good foundation of character?
- What difficulties do Indian young people find on returning to their homes from distant schools?
- What can the Christian school do for the Indians that the government school cannot?

Alaskans

- Describe natural conditions in Alaska, and the homes of its people.
- What heathen practices are common in Alaska?
- What evil influences come to the natives from outside?
- What is said about the graduates of the Sitka training-school?
- What service will the reindeer render to Alaskans?

Give brief summary of what should be done to fit the Indian and Alaskan young people for citizenship.

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PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

In General

Secure all possible illustrations for each lesson. Photographs and pictures like those issued by the Perry Pictures Company, will be found most helpful. Cut pictures from magazines and papers, and mount them on cardboard.

Have a map of the United States large enough to be seen across the room in which the meeting is held. (Many trunk lines of railroad issue maps that may be made available.) If nothing better can be obtained, enlist the aid of a schoolboy or girl and have a map drawn in outline, on heavy paper, or opaque or Holland curtain cloth. On the map as the lessons progress, paste pictures of the various races studied, using preferably those of children.

Make liberal use of home mission postal cards, especially as invitations to the meetings.

Appoint at the beginning of the study, special representatives for each race or class to be considered, the duty of each being to give the very latest news from the field at the meeting in which her topic is considered.

Form a Reading Circle for outside reading of books bearing on the various subjects.

Have curios to be examined during the social hour.

Have abundant leaflets on the topic, for distribution at the close of each meeting.

Indians and Alaskans

Place pictures on the map, arranging them so as to show the sections of country which are occupied by the Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos.

Spend a few moments in giving the names of Indian tribes.

"Five Minutes with Hiawatha" may be used to bring to mind traits and customs of the Indians of the olden time. Show, in contrast, pictures of educated Indians of to-day.

Get some bright boy to whittle out a kayak and manufacture a skin tent (topek). It will help the mother-society and, what is still more important, will interest the boy in home missions.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

Ye are like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp'd with the Image of the King.

—Tennyson.

The history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

Being a child must not hinder becoming a man. Becoming a man must not hinder being a child.—*Schleirmacher*.

BIBLE LESSON

The Law of the Neighbour

Thou shalt love thy neighbour.—Matt. 5:43.

Who is my neighbour?—Luke 10:29.

(Who are our “neighbours,” in the Bible sense of the word?)

In righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbour.—Lev. 19:15.

Devise not evil against thy neighbour.—Prov. 3:29.

(In the light of these commands, both positive and negative, how must race or class prejudice that withholds the helping hand be regarded?)

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour.—Zech. 8:16, 17.

(What is meant by “the judgment of truth and peace”?)

And Jesus answered . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment.

And the second is like, namely this:

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Mark 12:29-31.

(“Thou shalt love thy neighbour’s children as thine own.” Does the commandment imply this? If so, what is our personal duty and how can it be performed?)

II

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

“NOT long ago,” writes a missionary, “I entered the cabin of an industrious coloured man who deserves home comforts, being temperate, honest and kind to his family. Alas, no zenana of India is in greater need of housewifery than the place he calls home. His wife is a mere child herself in practical knowledge, although the mother of two children. She is untidy in person and premises. Their diet is corn meal, buttermilk, a few vegetables, and poorly-cooked pork.”

Doubtless further details might truthfully have been added to the story. In that home, as in many others, the day's provisions were probably cooked in the morning, in one dish, and whenever parents or children were hungry they helped themselves from the common store, sometimes eating directly from the cooking kettle, sometimes taking their portion into a pan that did service also as wash basin for the family. These, with an iron spoon, frequently constitute the sole eating utensils of the home. The place of tables is supplied by the floor, often of dirt only, or the door-step.

Into a home like this came a young girl to

board while teaching school in a near-by cabin. Trained in an Industrial Home, accustomed to the decencies of life, to say nothing of its courtesies, she asked where she was to sleep.

"Over there in the corner," answered the mistress of the home.

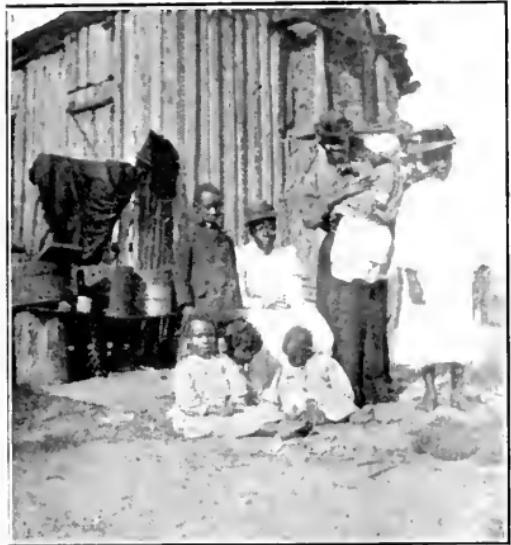
"But where do you sleep—and the boys?"—the two grown-up sons who, with father and mother, constituted the family.

"Oh, over here in the other corner," was the reply.

"But I can't sleep that way," remonstrated the girl, only to find that a temporary screen made of her own clothing was the sole remedy for the appalling conditions.

An invitation to immorality? Certainly. But the sense of horror gives place to admiration when one considers the heroism of a girl trained to neatness and propriety who could endure even the beginning of such discomforts for the sake of making things better. For not only did she do good work in the schoolroom, but the cabin was soon remodeled, the curtain provided by herself for her particular "corner" serving as an object-lesson, and speedily bringing a request for the purchase of similar material for making other partitions.

If there is one thing needed more than another for the elevation of the children and youth of the Negro race in our country to-day, it is the



How much they need the lessons of the
Mission Kindergarten!



A cabin home, better than some, but from this a daughter
was married in gown of white silk, with a yard-long train!
Who will teach them economy and the "fitness of things"?

CABIN HOMES

manifold multiplication of just such object-lessons, the demonstration of the possibilities of cleanliness and respectability in even one-roomed cabins, the removal of the handicap of ignorance of the conditions of civilization from the runners in a race for self-protection and self-advancement—a race against fearful odds. The description given is, of course, that of the very worst conditions, conditions similar to those of the lowest grade of any race in our land. But the uplift must reach the lowest if it is to be effective.

The uneducated men and women of the present generation, who are mothers and fathers to-day, are unable to give the home teaching that is needed. And with the absence of home lessons, the progress of the race meets its first and greatest obstacle.

Another menace to the race—a danger common to poverty and ignorance wherever found—is the limitation of its wants. No Negro child makes “collections” as do the children in our homes. “Stamp albums” would be meaningless to them even if obtainable; their eyes are closed to the beauties and wonders of animal, mineral and plant. Their ideals are limited by their environment. An interesting study was carried on through the coöperation of the principals of several schools for coloured children. Some thirteen hundred pupils were directed to write written answers to the questions, “Would you like to be

rich? Why? How much money of your own did you have last week? What did you do with it?"

Among the reasons given for desiring riches were the following: "So I could wear shoes and an overcoat when it was cold"—"could have a hot fire in winter"—"have enough to pay for rent and food"—"could help mother so she would not have to go out washing"—"so that when you want anything you could get it, and not have to sit down and wish for it, because you don't get it when you wish." In the entire list there was scarcely a mention of books, or travel, or opportunities for culture and study, as desirable things. They were beyond even the imaginations of the youthful writers.

Another limitation is the absence of a sense of the real dignity of work. In these days we are rapidly emphasizing the truth that the only true nobility is that of service—that a man, or a woman, must actually do something in order to be recognized as Somebody. And in the to-morrow, the man, or the race, that contributes nothing to the advancement of the nation will lose step in the march and fall out of the ranks. But, falling out, as stragglers they will constitute a perpetual drag and danger to the advancing column.

Wise leaders of the Negro race see this, and constantly and persistently give warning against

the immediate peril. The four chief elements in the uplift of the race, as stated by Mr. Washington, are the acquisition of property, economy, education, and Christian charity. One-fifth of the whole number of children already referred to thought it would be fine to "live bedout work."

"The farm is the solution," says a young coloured man. But if the young people of his race fail to recognize within a very few years that agricultural pursuits open to them a wide chance, the land will be overrun with immigrants and the chance will be lost to them forever.

The emotional character of the people, as often manifested in their religion, is another element of menace. To "come through," in a series of highly exciting meetings, to feel a mysterious reaction that masquerades as religion, is a poor spiritual ideal. The inheritance of moral weakness must be recognized in all efforts to establish the true Christian stability so essential to manhood and womanhood.

More progress has been made in education from books than in other lines. But without more schools and better ones, advancement will be sorely impeded.

The Italian, the German, the Irishman, has had generations of struggle behind him. The Negro lacks this safeguard and support.

Negro girls, North as well as South, are a

prey to nameless evils, and from other races as well as their own. It is said to be a fact that there are intelligence offices in the North that make a regular business of shipping Negro girls from the South to Northern cities by large promises of work and wages. Immorality and crime are the almost inevitable result. Their ignorant, penniless condition makes them practically helpless. They are often deliberately sent for employment to questionable houses, saloons, concert halls, and other dangerous places. Their wages are retained by the offices to pay the expense of transportation, and in numberless other ways the girls are wronged financially as well as morally.

Limitations of residence, social ostracism—a very different thing from social separation, and more unmerciful—the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of taking up trades or professions, are especially characteristic of Northern conditions against which the Negro youths of to-day must make their way towards citizenship in the to-morrow.

LIGHTS AND SHADES

When we consider the condition of coloured children . . . we must remember their birthright of sorrow and sin. There hangs around them none of the romantic interest that attaches to the historic Indian and the quaint Chinese, nor even the attraction of isolation and a peculiar religion as in the case of Mormon children. These little Negroes are just poor, "low

down" children, who are often their own worst enemies.—*Mrs. Galusha Anderson.*

"The Negro is a child. He has all the talented qualities of a man, but in the meantime he must be regarded as a babe of humanity."

It is not, as a rule, the educated man or woman of my race who is guilty of crime or is charged with crime.—It is the one who has never had the great American chance.—*Booker T. Washington.*

How well I remember our first impressions as from the coast on into the interior [of Africa] we saw the heathen women in their totally ignorant, superstitious state, with blank, inexpressive faces, grease-matted hair, their only garment the size of the two hands, paddling a canoe or bartering garden products. Life had no meaning to them; they simply sought an existence. . . . It has been my pleasure since my return to America to visit —— and ——, and as I looked into the bright young faces of the young people in those schools, I saw in them the hope of the Negro in Africa, the hope of the Negro in America. . . . The young men and women who go out from these schools, are the ones to carry on this great work. America needs them. Africa also needs them.—*Mrs. Lucy G. Sheppard, missionary of the A. M. A. in West Central Africa.*

The Negro race, the Indian race, the Chinese and the Japanese and all these multitudinous brown-skinned people whom God has thrown over into our nation and who mingle in our body politic, will win their position among the dominant races of the world through the men among their splendid leadership who stand at the top and not at the bottom of the race. The skilled and trained Negro who stands before the world with a scalpel means as much, at least, to his race, as the Negro who stands with a hoe in his hand. Both are necessary; each is essential; and that the two in happy accord are work-

ing together in the solution of the tremendous problem of the elevation of a great race, and in winning for it due and honourable recognition, is a datum of hopefulness that should cheer the heart of every sympathizer.—*Rev. Charles F. Ryder, D. D.*

“ FROM THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN ”

In the South

Probably no one will deny that the supreme need of the Negro in the South to-day is trained teachers—teachers who know what to teach, how to teach, and why they teach it; but more than this, they must have the strength and capacity to direct the moral growth, the religious activities, and the economic welfare of their communities. Their influence must be such as to make morality the most common reality, religion the personal inspiration that shall produce effective ideals, and economy and industry the cornerstone of earthly progress and happiness. Such teachers *believe in their mission*. Through their training, their character, and their desire to serve, constant and rapid progress must be assured.

In the North

If the Negro in the South fails to find employment as a skilled mechanic it is largely his fault. But in the North the field is preoccupied by the native white and the foreign. They guard jealously the approaches to the trades. It is almost an impossible task for the Negro boy or girl here to find opportunity to learn a trade.

There is an alarming influx of Negroes into New York City, many of whom are of the dregs of society; there is a constant stream of thoughtless, indifferent young men and women from the South, who are attracted by the name North, without realizing the hopelessness of their situation here. This mass of idle, lazy, worthless Negroes, who live by criminal practices, draws down upon the head of the whole race the execrations of the community.

When civil and educational authorities awake to the fact that it is money well spent to train in industrial activities these thou-

sands of Negro migrants; when employers and labour unions realize that opening the door of opportunity is at least partially closing the door to vice and crime, we may expect that the deplorable condition of the Negroes will begin to be only a matter of history. "The idle man's head is the devil's workshop." Give the head something worth thinking about; give the hands something worth doing; offer to the man something worth hoping for; then expect a harvest of greater industry and more wide-spread decency.

Perhaps there is no better presentation of the conditions surrounding the Negro to-day than that given by Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, in "The Present South." Recognizing the truth that "the time has now come when every problem of every section of the country is to be conceived in the terms of the nation's life," Mr. Murphy says:

"It is true that higher education brings its 'perils.' All education possesses its perils. They are apparent among any white population as well as among any Negro population. There is always present the danger of superficiality, the danger of self-glorification, the insistent temptation to substitute show for reality and cleverness for work. . . . But the risk of making fools is of smaller importance than the larger chance of making men. . . . It is not without significance that no graduate of Hampton or Tuskegee has ever been charged with assault upon a woman. . . .

"Of the destructive factors in Negro life the white community hears to the utmost, hears through the press and the police court; of the constructive factors of Negro progress—the school, the saner Negro church, the home—the white community is in ignorance. Until it does know this aspect of the Negro problem it may know more or less accurately many things about the Negro; but it cannot know the Negro."

Nothing could be more searchingly relentless than the slow, silent, pitiless operation of the social and economic forces that are destroying the Negro, body and soul, in the Northern city. . . . Race prejudice . . . first forbids to the

Negro the membership of the labour union, and then forbids to the employer the services of non-union labour. "We have had slavery in the South, now dead, that forced an individual to labour without a salary, but none that compelled a man to live in idleness while his family starved."—*Booker T. Washington.*

SOME OF THE HOMES

It is a dark, damp day, but the kindergarten teacher has so many calls to make that she cannot stay in. Will you go on a little trip with me? We leave the campus and pass through cluster after cluster of little cabins. See this one on the left! An old lady lives there. She came from Alabama three years ago to nurse a sick daughter. When the daughter died the son-in-law soon tired of the old mother and went away and left her. Last week I went to see her and read to her from the Bible. When I started to go, she said, with tears in her eyes, "Honey, read yer old mar some more. I ain't never seen it read like dat."

Two houses above, live an old man and his wife. He has been lying on a cot in that little cabin for over a year. They have no relatives and the poor old wife tries hard to take care of him. Come in with me a moment. He likes to have me sing to him, "On the Battle-field of Life be a Hero."

Do you see those little black children? Look at their dresses, nearly worn out. I think they have never been washed, and I don't believe their hair has ever been combed. Unless some one tells them, these children will not even know when Christmas comes, to say nothing of Thanksgiving.

Let us go into this cabin. Last year the husband and father of the family was killed by lightning. Soon after he died a new baby came, and then there were seven children, just stair steps in size. The poor little baby died because the brave little mother had to work away from home all day, and there were only the children to care for it. The mother is so grateful for any help. Last winter we clothed her and all the children from the missionary barrels, and as often as we could we carried

them food. Now she has been ill with fever two months and the only help she has is from two little boys eight and thirteen years old, who are employed as water boys on a Grade. There's only one bed in the house and but one quilt. They cover themselves at night with those rags you see in the corner. One cup without a handle, and two plates, compose their store of crockery. There's no glass in the windows and the holes are stuffed with rags.

We must run across the street and call on three little boys, six, eight and ten years of age. An old bed with nothing but rags on it, and an old dry goods box in the corner, are the only furniture. The mother, after years of suffering, died here last year. The father works very hard to pay rent, get food and a few clothes. Such workmen do well to get fifty cents a day, out of which they must board themselves and their families. That pile of rags in the corner is the other bed. The boys are trying to cook supper for their father. A cake of cornbread in the bottom of an old black kettle and those pieces of fat bacon will furnish the meal.

I could gather fifty of just this class of children right on these three streets for our kindergarten, if only we had the means to care for them. We should have to provide clothes for many of them, and of course bathe them and teach them how to be clean and neat. Oh, how much they need this kindergarten work!

—From a teacher in a mission kindergarten.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

Describe the conditions too frequently found in Negro homes.

Tell the story of a young woman trained in a Mission Home.

Why is the "poverty of its wants" a menace to the Negro race?

Why do the leaders of this race urge their people to acquire property?

What dangers are there in the religious tendencies of the race?

Describe the special difficulties and evils that Negroes meet in the North.

What is needed to fit the young people of the Negro race for citizenship in the Republic?

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PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

Place pictures on the map.

Topics for additional study:

How is the urgent call of the South for immigrant labour likely to affect the Negro?

Results of the riot of 1906 in Atlanta (see The American Magazine, April, 1907).

The emotional nature of the Negro—its advantages and disadvantages.

WITH OLD WORLD WAYS

“See that ye despise not one of these little ones.”

Even about the rags of childhood hangs a halo.—*Victor Hugo.*

“What a motley assembly are the children of our land, representing every great nation and very many races, all forms of religion and no religion, all varieties of worldly condition, from wealth to poverty. Yet all are bound sooner or later to become citizens of our country, and the boys, at least, to become voters. Our destiny is bound up in the same bundle of life with theirs, and our future as a nation rests with these boys and girls.”

BIBLE LESSON

The Law of the Nation

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.—Ps. 33: 12.

Thine enemies . . . have said, Come and let us cut them off from being a nation.—Ps. 83: 2, 4.

(What “enemies” of the Lord seek the overthrow of a Christian nation?)

Thou hast multiplied the nation and not increased the joy.—Isa. 9: 3.

(Under what circumstances might this be said of a nation nominally prosperous?)

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew thee not shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel.—Isa. 55: 5.

(What must be done if this promise concerning immigration is to be fulfilled in our land?)

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious. . . . Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation.—1 Peter 2: 7, 9.

Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.—Rev. 5: 9.

(What duties to posterity have the “redeemed of the Lord”?)

What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it.—Isa. 14: 32.

(How can Christian women help to make this answer a blessed reality?)

III

WITH OLD WORLD WAYS

SPANISH-AMERICANS

THE patient little burro, the protecting sombrero, the patio of varied degrees of invitingness, the adobe houses, brown like the soil and seeming to be but excrescences on its surface, ivy-grown and crumbling old missions with towers in which chiming bells still hang, though cracked and broken—words and phrases like these come to mind when attention is called to the people who represent in the United States to-day the once proud and prosperous Spanish grandes—the owners of the land on which their descendants merely exist.

Old Mexico is variously classed by missionary societies as a “home” or a “foreign” field, according to convenience of administration. For our purpose, its young people of Spanish descent may be grouped with those of New Mexico, for their conditions are largely the same and their needs identical.

“The babies of Mexico—bless their dimples!—are no more like ours than their grandfathers are like ours.” So writes a traveller. But farther

reading shows that it is chiefly in dress that they differ, after all. The children of the better class are comfortably clothed and cared for. "The little mothers" of the peons sleep under counters or shelves in the markets, or on cobble-stones by the side of earth ovens. The chief occupations of the boys are playing marbles and cock-fighting. The weekly bath may be taken in the street, the one garment of the child being washed and hung to dry, meanwhile, on the pottery that his mother has arranged for sale.

Many of these Mexican girls are mothers, though not always wives, before they are sixteen. In the sharp sunlight and withering winds their faces grow wizened and old even when young. "Her skin," says a tourist of a Mexican woman, "is a parchment that looks as if it might date back to the time of Moses." Rarely can one read or write, in either Spanish or English, before entering a mission school.

The greatest difficulty in reaching the Mexicans is that they are contented with their lot. Unlike the immigrants that throng our ports of entry, they have no desire to change their conditions of living.

It is market day in a Spanish-American city. The Indians have come from the mountains, with fire-wood, fruit and vegetables, or baskets and woodenware, for sale. They stand by gay little booths or squat on the ground beside their goods,

and the market place resounds with the chatter of barter and friendship. Senoritas and squaws, papooses and "the shy, small, brown Spanish children, basking, lizard-like in the sun," help to swell the sound. "A healthy, happy scene"? Yes, if this were not nearly the sum of all that they know of life, or life's meanings. "A pity to disturb their repose"? But these boys will be men, these girls will be the wives and mothers of future voters of the Republic. Looked at from even the lowest standpoint, does not that alter things?

Around them are houses hid behind high walls "having about them an air of stealth and mystery." A little distance off, it may be, lie the ruins of an Indian village that was there "a round eight centuries before ever the Spaniards came worrying into the land." Beyond, on the sunlit plains, are bare, windowless adobe houses, just such as their ancestors lived in, with bunches of red peppers hanging on the outer walls, and the picture of a saint or two forming a shrine within. The men—some of them—are tilling the ungrateful soil in the same way that their ancestors tilled it, and the women and half-grown girls are sitting in the sun and smoking cigarettes for absolute lack of anything else to do. And these, too, these indolent, dull, unresponsive boys and girls, these are soon to be citizens in a land where, if in any since the world began, intelligent citizenship is needed.

But indolence and dullness may be transformed. And that this is being done daily and hourly, is evident from the enthusiastic reports of missionary workers. "Bright, loving and attractive," writes one concerning the Spanish pupils in her school, "these girls may yet become a power for the betterment of conditions among their people." "They learn English readily and do good work in the schoolroom. They all love music and are excellent singers," says another.

One young girl who had always lived in a tent, as her father is a roving wood-chopper, expressed her delight in the lovely missionary home in a novel way. Patting her dainty white bed, she exclaimed, "My good bed! My good bed!" Before coming to the home the poor child had slept in her day clothing, rolled up in a rug, and had lain only upon the ground in the dirty tent that served the family for a home.

Making a round of calls in a southern California city one day, a visitor was surprised to find a Mexican home whose cleanliness and order were in marked contrast to those of its neighbours. Her unspoken question was quickly answered as the bright little mistress of the tiny house exclaimed, "I am a Harwood Home girl." The Industrial Home of which she had been a happy member, was in New Mexico. Thence she had brought her trained head and hands, and used them in making a real home for husband

and children, which was, at the same time, a blessed object-lesson to those around her.

With the question of statehood for New Mexico, that of its citizenship is inevitably linked. Will it be Mexican or American, Roman Catholic or Protestant? The answer rests with the Christian church, in this hour of its opportunity.

POSSIBILITIES

"Sun, silence and adobe—that is New Mexico." Thus speaks the historian, but while New Mexico is indeed a land of sunshine and adobe, it is no longer the home of silence. New life came in with the locomotive, bringing business and a degree of prosperity, and the long sleep of centuries is over.

But the breaking of this prolonged silence has had but little effect to break down the spell of superstition, ignorance and poverty that holds the people. The natives are naturally kindly and hospitable, but the old ways are still the best ways to them. And yet all that is necessary to bring New Mexico up to the true standard of a Christian people is Christ in the home and Christ honoured in the schools.—*Woman's Home Missions*.

"Four of our girls," writes the house-mother of a Mexican Mission Home, "have served as missionaries and several have married native preachers. Many have returned to their homes to become a blessing in the community because of their Christian lives and home-making ability. It is often the case that the girl who has been in our Home is the only one who can play or lead in the singing in the native church, and the only one, aside from the pastor, who can pray, lead the prayer-meeting, or teach a Sunday-school class."

"Before this fair portion of our land became a part of the United States, the Spanish-speaking people whom we now seek to reach and bless were owners of this fair domain. They have been oppressed and, through their ignorance, greatly defrauded. It is our desire to extend a hand of sympathy and help to their daughters and sons, that the coming generations may take their place as true American citizens in our land."

A mission superintendent writes, "I was entertained at the home of the preacher. His wife was trained in one of the schools of the Woman's Society. She is a model housekeeper. He is from our boys' school and they are a happy couple.

"In C——, Arizona, I was entertained at the home of a layman who is from our boys' school and his wife from the girls' school. Here, too, I found a well-ordered and beautiful home."

"Probably every girl in our school will marry and become a home-maker. The Mexican men far outnumber the women and so we look forward to many well-ordered homes as the result of the training that the girls receive in our Industrial Home. Who can tell how much this will mean to the development of our country, since the home lies at the foundation of all clean, true, national life? Not only are they taught the gentle art of home-making, but Christian principles are instilled into their minds, and they go out from the safe shelter of the Home, almost without exception, sincere, earnest, Christian girls, prepared to do a noble lifework."

IN SOUTHERN SEAS

Porto Ricans

"A word frequently heard on the island of Porto Rico is '*Manana*', 'to-morrow.' If anything is to be done, 'to-day' is much too soon —there will be plenty of time 'to-morrow.' This

is the spirit of the old régime, cheerfully irresponsible and unenterprising, and mightily aggravating to the Anglo-Saxon.

"But the old régime is fast passing away. The Anglo-Saxon has come, and has come to stay. For the first time in four hundred years Porto Rico is conscious of having a future. Men are hopeful, expectant, ambitious, anxious for 'to-morrow.'"

So writes a missionary secretary, and there are no keener or clearer interpreters of the signs of the times than trained missionary workers. In spite of political quibbles, the citizenship of Porto Rico is *our* citizenship, and we, as Americans, have intimate concern with its "to-morrow."

Native indolence must be replaced by a love for work for work's sake; evasion and falsehood must give way to truth and honesty; superstition must yield to the teachings of the Christ. And the public schools, important and necessary as they are, cannot do all this, regardless of the fact that they are still too few to reach anything like the entire number of children of school age in the island.

The stories privately told by returning missionaries of the condition and habits of the children who come under their charge, cannot be repeated in print. If they were, mothers from happier homes would gather their little ones closer to

their hearts and thank God as never before for Christian home training. The care of these who have had no care, is not altogether pleasant, but it is done "for God and country," and they who do it are our substitutes "on the firing line." What is the duty of those who are privileged to "bide by the stuff"?

As for results, again we must turn to missionary testimony :

The girls come to us coarse, rude, untidy, and hopeless-looking. Very soon they begin to change, and their faces express the new hope that comes from high ideals.

While we were away during vacation the priest denounced our school. He told the people that their children were being taught the way to perdition. What was our joy on returning to find every girl in her place, so happy to get back and wishing there were no vacations. All were angry over the way the priest had talked and were anxious in every way to show their devotion.

The children take special delight in carrying their Bibles home with them at night. Often the priest meets and scolds them, and in a few cases he has taken the Bible away from a child. But our boys and girls have learned that this is now a land of religious liberty, and they even dare to oppose the priest.

In country shacks and city patios, the absence of all knowledge of home-making is equally evident. And there are thousands of little ones who have not even these poor apologies for homes—orphaned waifs, picking up food and shelter as best they may. Sometimes they be-

come servants in families of the well-to-do, but this is often a pitiable lot, for they are treated like slaves. Their food is a pan or cocoanut shell of rice or beans, which they sit upon the kitchen floor to eat. If wanted by the mistress to wait on her or the children during the night, a poor little pallet is spread on the floor near the bed; if not desired for this, pallet and child are bestowed in any out-of-the-way place. The girls are not even expected to grow up into good women.

What has been said of the girls is quite sufficient to indicate what boys *must* be under such conditions. Pictures like these press home upon us the question, "What type of manhood and womanhood will be found in the next generation of Porto Rican citizens?"

DWELLING PLACES, NOT HOMES

The future of Porto Rico depends upon its country people. More than three-quarters of the population are country-bred, and most of these live in remote places, far from any roads. All over the mountains are scattered the "shacks" of the poor inhabitants, sometimes singly, but more frequently in little groups, where, apart from the world, they live and herd and breed without the rites of marriage or the sanctities of home.—*Sec. James W. Cooper, of American Missionary Association.*

What of the poor, degraded shack women, who far outnumber their more fortunate sisters? We cannot imagine a sadder, more hopeless lot than theirs. They live crowded into little one-roomed shacks, which often have no floor but the earth, and no furniture save perhaps a hammock and a heap of

old rags for sleeping. Except in harvest-time, when work is plenty, many a family has but one meal a day, and often the woman has to earn that. In nearly every household there is a feeble old mother, or grandmother, and there is scarcely a day that some one is not sick—and there is no money for doctors or medicine. And so the long days and years stretch themselves on to the end of life, with no brightness, no hope.

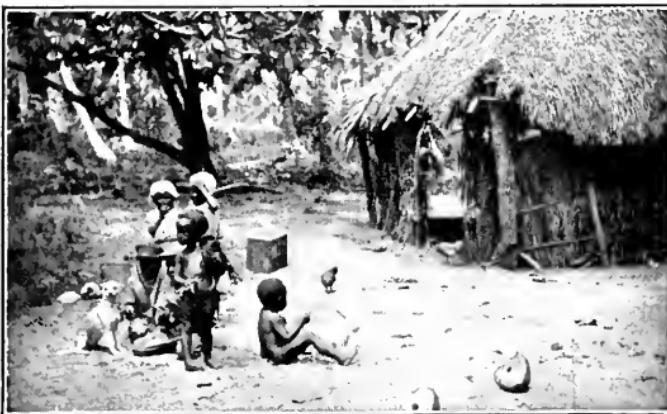
Oh, friends, suppose *you* lived there! Mothers, suppose *your* daughter was growing up to such a life as this! You would give your all to save her from it. Let us, then, do what we can for these *other* girls. Let us give them a chance.—*Jennie L. Blowers.*

An inner court, perhaps forty or fifty feet long and fifteen or twenty feet wide; several lines filled with clothes that have been hung up to dry and, incidentally, to limit the light and air of the enclosed yard; a number of dirty, naked babies of all ages up to six or seven years; lazy men sitting against the side of the house, asleep or talking to their neighbours; women with but a single garment on, and that far from clean, either washing, or cooking, or sitting on the ground and, like the men, gossiping and smoking cigar stumps they have picked up in the streets; boys and girls running errands, quarrelling among themselves and following quickly in the footsteps of their parents in helping to increase the population of the Island; the garlic and onions of the cooks, the tobacco fumes of the smokers, the fetid atmosphere from the filth strewed about on the ground and the exhaustion of the oxygen,—these are merely suggestions of the unsanitary conditions of the homes, of the squalor, filth, and abject poverty of thousands who live in the “patios” of the city.
—From “Down in Porto Rico.”

(There are, of course, homes in Porto Rico widely different from those described. But they are still in a very small minority.)

“ SIGNS OF PROMISE ”

In the school I have found the key to the problem that con-



A Country Home (?) in Porto Rico



A New Mexican adobe home of the better class. Strings of red peppers are hanging on the front for drying

HOMES IN PORTO RICO AND NEW MEXICO

fronted me like a nightmare when I had been in Porto Rico but a few months—the barrier of language. I said to myself over and over again, "How can I ever help these people? How can I overcome the difficulties of language sufficiently to proclaim to them, in their own tongue, the wonderful things of God?"

Among the children I have found the key. It is the desire of the people, young and old, to learn English. We bring our school children to the church every Sunday afternoon; we have a service in Spanish, then we teach the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Beatitudes, the Commandments and the hymns in English. The grown people come, too—they all want a lesson in English. And in getting it we take care that they get the gospel also.—*Bishop Van Buren of Porto Rico.*

A superintendent of schools in Porto Rico reports seeing children who had walked three-quarters of a mile or more, and been regular in school attendance, but who were so weak for lack of food as to be scarcely able to stand in their classes. Teachers assert that the Porto Rican child is bright and intelligent, quick to understand and with great facility in memorizing. His imagination is surprisingly active, and he is naturally artistic. On the other hand, he lacks energy, both mental and physical. It could hardly be otherwise, in view of the unhygienic conditions, and the absence of proper food and clothing under which not only the child but his ancestors for several generations, have existed.

Cubans and Filipinos

Like Mexico, Cuba and the Philippine Islands are sometimes classed with home missionary work, and sometimes with foreign. They have been under the rule of Spain and of Roman Catholicism, and their resultant condition resembles that of Porto Rico. In the Philippines, the

problem is complicated by the addition of savage peoples and the Mohammedan religion.

It was inevitable that Cuba's struggle for independence should leave hundreds of orphan children and widowed mothers, and not the least of the questions that Cuba Libre faces to-day is that of her citizenship of to-morrow.

"Are you going to have a lottery in your church to-day?" asked a little Cuban lad of a missionary one Sunday morning.

"Why, what do you mean?" said the missionary.

"Are you going to have a raffle there?" answered the boy, and then the missionary remembered that it was the custom in Catholic schools to raffle off a dollar or so, or perhaps a pair of shoes, on Sunday, and thus draw the children in.

"The white man's heaviest burden in the Philippines is the care of the child." The children throng nipa huts and city tenements. As little scullions, they are bound out at four or five years of age by their parents, living on left-over scraps, sleeping on mats on the floor. They all smoke, girls as well as boys. They swim, ride the caraboa, catch locusts for food—a special treat after their wings have been stripped off and the insects fried in cocoanut oil—and match cocks against each other for the time-honoured national sport. And yet there is never a street

gamin among them—at least, travellers credit them with being the politest little fellows alive.

And they, like the children of Porto Rico, will one day be American citizens.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

Spanish-Americans

Give illustrations of the conditions surrounding Mexican children.

Describe a market day in a Spanish-American city.

Why should there be mission work for Spanish children?

Describe the results of such mission work.

Porto Ricans

Under what conditions are Porto Rican children growing up?

What are the results of mission work among them?

- (a) Describe the average Porto Rican home in the country.
- (b) In the city.

Cubans and Filipinos

Describe the children and young people.

What special training is needed to fit the young people with "old world ways" for American citizenship?

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A Woman's Impression of the Philippines. Mabel T. Boardman, a member of the "Taft party." The Outlook, February 24, 1906.

66 CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW

Child Life in the Philippines. Minna Irving. New England Magazine, October, 1904.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

Place pictures on the map.

Consult "Down in Porto Rico" for additional information.

Show by maps the work of your denomination in the Islands of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

CHILDREN OF TOIL

“To be a man too soon is to be a small man.”

It is a shame for a nation to make its young girls weary.—*John Ruskin.*

Even the Christian world has been slow to recognize the claim of Christ to be the Emancipator of the child as well as of the slave and of woman.—*Henry Churchill King.*

The child must develop physically, and to do so it must play ; the child must develop mentally, and to do so it must be sent to school ; the child must develop morally, and to do so it must be kept within the guarded precincts of the home.—*Felix Adler.*

BIBLE LESSON

The Law of Labour

Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him.—
Lev. 19:13.

(Of what is childhood robbed in mills, mines, sweat-shops,
etc.?)

Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and
his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service
without wages and giveth him not for his work.—Jer. 22:13.

(Is "cheap" labour righteous labour?)

Woe unto them that devise iniquity and work evil upon their
beds—they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his
heritage.—Mic. 2:1, 2.

(What are the consequences to the future of "oppressing a
man and his house" by child-labour?)

That pant after the dust of the earth on the head of the
poor.—Amos 2:7.

(Could there be stronger characterization of greed for gain?)

Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work: but the
seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou
shalt not do any work.—Ex. 20:9, 10.

The rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord.—Ex. 16:23.

It shall be unto you a Sabbath of rest.—Lev. 23:32.

(Is the law of the Sabbath violated by child-labour if work
is carried on but six days in the week?)

IV

CHILDREN OF TOIL

SO wide-spread is the agitation against child-labour, with its inevitable arousal of the American conscience, and so admirable is the work of the National Child-Labour Committee, that the crusade against this evil makes steady progress, and it would be worse than useless to attempt to give definite statistics in a book of this kind. Bills relating to the subject are daily presented, or enacted into laws, in state legislatures, and the curse of to-day may be partly removed on the immediate to-morrow. But reforms progress slowly, at the best, and the sins of the business world against helpless childhood are many and persistent.

To tell the story of the children of toil, though ever so briefly, is not a task to be coveted. One would far rather write of the many influences for uplift and help that, to borrow the language of the stock market, "deal in futures," and are making men and women. But to apply the remedies, the conditions must be known.

The sparsely settled portion of the Highlands of the South is a rugged section, almost destitute

of roads, of schools, of churches, of many things that civilization considers necessities. The tourist crossing the mountain ridge that makes the backbone of the eastern side of the continent, sees tiny, one-roomed log cabins everywhere—around the poor little railroad stations, making furtive attempts to constitute of themselves a village—back in the valleys between the mountains, half hidden from sight by the deep gullies worn by the mountain rains—perched on some crag almost above sight from the car window. And always around their doors is a throng of children. There may be eight, ten, or a dozen or more, claiming a single cabin as their home—bright boys and girls, heirs of the purest American ancestry on this continent, and yet shut away from privileges and opportunities, condemned to secure by the hardest a scanty living from the soil and by hunting and fishing, as their fathers and grandfathers have done, to card and spin and weave, to work in the field or by the rude fireplace like their mothers and grandmothers—to grow up, in the expressive phrase of President Frost, of Berea College, like their “belated ancestors.”

A young mountaineer of twenty-three years of age, was studying history in a mission school. His face showed his delight at the new knowledge that came to him with the explanation of the different branches of our government. At

the close of the lesson, he exclaimed, "I'm proud to know what a senator and a representative are. I never did know before."

"Aren't you a voter?" asked his teacher.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I've voted for three years, and I knew about the President, but I never did know about the others before." And yet the vote of this ignorant young fellow in the Tennessee mountains counted for just as much at the ballot box as the vote of the governor of that splendid commonwealth! It helped to elect the men who chose, in turn, the representatives of Tennessee in the Senate of the United States. It counted one—no more *and no less* than the vote of your son—in electing the President of these United States. "When you know that there are several thousands of young people born of native white parents in the state of Tennessee alone, who can neither read nor write, does it not mean something to you? When they pass by you in a procession seventy-five miles long, marching into ignorance and crime and poverty, yet with every man in the procession headed for the ballot box,—does it not mean something to you?"

What is true of Tennessee is true, to a greater or less extent, of all the states lying along the Appalachian chain. But although the conditions surrounding these young people of the Southern mountains, are difficult and perilous to them-

selves and to the country at large, there is something still worse, an insistent, crowding evil against which the Southland is almost powerless.

THE SOUTHERN COTTON MILLS

Northern machinery, largely owned by Northern capital, has been moved to the South so as to be near the cotton field, water-power, and baby fingers. Young negroes, neglected and ignorant though they may be, are yet suffered to breathe God's free air. Young white children, mountaineers, "poor whites," "Georgia crackers," or whatever be their class, are in bondage to the spirit of greed and gain that knows not, or heeds not, that the foundations of the structure it is rearing are laid in human lives, and the mortar is mixed with blood. The mills are "centred in the four cotton-producing states of the South, Alabama, Georgia, and the two Carolinas. It is estimated that within sixty miles of Charlotte, North Carolina, there is enough water power to drive two-thirds of the spindles of England. In Alabama it is possible from a cotton factory to fire a rifle bullet into a coal mine and to throw a stone into a cotton-field. The companies that own mills in both New England and the South find their dividends twice or thrice as great from their Southern mills."

A Commissioner of Labour in North Carolina asserts that there are eight thousand children in

the cotton mills of that state earning an average of twenty-five cents a day ! From one little village in the mountains of East Tennessee, fifteen hundred people—men, women and children—emigrated in 1905 to a mill town. Their ancestors fought the British, and won deserved credit for valour on both sides during the Civil War. But to these, their descendants, after a few years of mill life, the nation “ would turn in vain in the hour of her need.” Their record could not fail to be that of the Manchester operatives in the British army during the South-African war ; “ Fever,” says the historian, “ swept them off like flies. They were only shells of men.”

“ But how comes it,” questions some one, “ that these people go into the mills, or permit their children to do so ? ” It would be a greater wonder if they did not. Into the mountain hamlet comes the agent of the mills, representing the factory village to be a paradise. There are homes —“ framed houses ”—waiting for them ; there are schools—by day and by night ; there are reading-rooms and libraries established by the generosity of the mill-owners ; there is the chance for a different life, and back into that mountain hamlet there have already come whisperings that have stirred the latent ambition of the mountain boy and girl to do something and see something. And, most wonderful of all, and by far the strongest argument, the whole

family can work in the mill, earning what seems a fortune—as much, perhaps, as three dollars and a half a day! Nothing is said, of course, of the increased expenses of "town life," of the confining, death-tempting tasks. These are left to be learned by experience, when it is too late to change.

But the stories are, to some extent, true. The houses of the village are often better than those from which their occupants have come, although the unsanitary condition of their surroundings is a pitiful commentary on civilization.

Not all of the "hands" are from the mountains. The shiftless farmer of the lowlands plants cotton because his father did, and because it is the one crop on which he can "borry" money before the seed is in the ground. In fact, his financial transactions are those of Wall Street under somewhat primitive conditions.

Possibly, after his pre-planting mortgage is discharged, he has one hundred dollars a year from his cotton. What is that compared with the fifty to eighty dollars per month that himself and family can earn in the mill, and at easier work, too—or so he is led to think? But, oh, the pity of it! He soon finds that the fingers and feet of his children are more nimble than his. The next step is to drop out and live in idleness, supported by them. This suits the factory management, for children are cheap! The result is that most

pitiful type of manhood, a self-made pauper, satisfied and even pleased with his failure.

And the mothers—ah, woman's life, even if not in the mill herself, is not easy in a factory town. Here is its picture, as given by a North Carolina clergyman :

The mother has to get up at four-thirty in the morning to get breakfast for the day hands, so they can get to the mill at six. Then the night hands come, and eat about seven. She has to have dinner for the day hands strictly at twelve. The night hands get up and eat from four to five so as to be ready to go to work for the night at six. She also gets them a lunch to eat at midnight. Then the day hands get out at six and have supper about seven. . . . The mills usually run sixty-six hours per week at night—that is, the operatives work twelve hours from Monday night to Friday night inclusive, and on Saturday get up about two o'clock, before they have had enough sleep, to get to work at three. They then work till nine at night. As a matter of fact, it is usually ten or eleven when they get out.

WHAT OF THE CHILDREN?

Says Dean Robbins, of the Institute of Social Economics, "I have seen scores of little children on the way to the mills before daylight who would not come out till after dark." The clergyman quoted above adds, "Night work is much worse in summer than in winter. In winter they get to bed, cover up and sleep soundly. In summer it is difficult to sleep on account of the light, heat, flies, and noise. It is a familiar sight to see the children lying across the bed with their work

clothes on, or on a pallet in the passage, or on the porch. Their sleep is fitful and unsatisfying, and they never feel bright and fresh from the beginning to the end of the week. They furnish the most favourable conditions for the development of physical, intellectual, and spiritual disease germs."

There are laws regulating child-labour in most states of the Union. Their enforcement is another question, and they are of little value unless accompanied by compulsory education laws. A child of five is credited as having worked in a cotton-mill! Perhaps she was there as a "mother's helper." Heaven pity the land in which such subterfuge is possible! A seven-year-old child is officially reported as having worked forty nights in an Alabama mill! A six-year-old child worked on the night shift for eleven months, getting through at two o'clock in the morning! Think of a little girl running barefoot through the long night hours carrying spools in a room where the water stood half an inch deep on the floor! Realize what it means for a young girl to remove her waist and skirt in a room common to all the operatives, to go to her work half-dressed, to sit on the floor to eat her lunch, to be surrounded with obscenity and profanity!

Of what good is a night school to children who have spent twelve hours "penned in little

narrow lanes, where they work and rush and tie among acres and acres of looms, always the snow of lint in their faces, always the thunder of machinery in their ears"? No wonder the average life of a child worker here is but four years. Their senses are benumbed. They exist, that is all. In the country there was school, perhaps, for fourteen weeks in the year. Farmers' boys and girls sometimes go to college. Over forty per cent. of cotton mill child operators are illiterate. The girl's highest ambition is to run as many looms as her next neighbour and to have a little better Sunday clothing. They grow thin, anaemic, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, sallow and old while still young in years. Early marriages are the rule. Child-widows of fourteen are not uncommon. What of their children and their children's children?

IMMIGRANT CHILDREN

A magazine of the day contains a series of pictures representing the work of an "immigrant sculptor." The bas-reliefs are of Old World peasants, labouring under burdens beneath which their shoulders are bowed; on their faces is the silence of a forlorn hope that is almost despair. Not one of the figures shows any uplift of vision, any elasticity of body or mind. They are sad enough, portentous enough, to satisfy the most pronounced champion of restricted immigration.

Closer study of the groups reveals the secret of the artist's failure to depict the hopes and aspirations, the longings and purposes of the "incoming millions." In all the groups, not a single child figure is shown save that of a babe in arms, sickly and helpless. Well might America close her doors and lock and double-bar her gates against the whole world outside, if only toil-worn men and women, hopeless and helpless, sought admission.

But stand in the gallery of the Registry Room at the Immigrant Station on Ellis Island, and watch the motley crowd below. Tarry until you can close your eyes and still see them pressing on and on, in endless procession, until your ears can hear the ceaseless tramp of feet from Everywhere to Here. Look at the newcomers as a patriot—nay, as a Christian—and you cannot do it without tears in your eyes and thoughts too deep for words. But when those tears and thoughts are analyzed, you will find that the tears are for the past, the inevitable homesickness, the sundered ties, while uppermost in all the thought is the new hope for the children, the sturdy newcomers who are to "grow up with the country," who are largely to *be* the country in the near future.

To trace the myriad paths opening before the feet of these "citizens of to-morrow" is beyond our power. We may only glance at a few of their halting-places.

IN THE MINING REGIONS

Have you ever stepped on the platform, or into a "bucket," and gone down a mining shaft? It was no deeper, possibly, than the height of the sky-scraper whose elevator takes you to its upper offices or back to the ground floor with never a thought on your part of the distance travelled. But the elevator is well lighted—and the descent to the mine is through darkness "that may be felt." You have never seen, never dreamed, of such darkness. You long to scream, to beg to be taken back to the blessed sunlight; only reluctance to admit that you are frightened keeps you from it.

Down, down, you go. Will the machinery never stop? Does the shaft reach to the very heart of old Mother Earth? What could have induced you to go into this terrific darkness, through this wet, slimy, perpendicular tunnel?

The motion ceases at last. The tunnel is horizontal now, its darkness only made visible by the tiny lamps on the caps of the workmen. Men are lying flat on their backs in the dark and wet and slime, and wielding picks for hours and hours! Is that what it means to dig coal?

"Will you go on, and explore the mine?" Heaven forbid! You have seen enough. What do you care for the far off tunnels, the deeper shafts? What—oh, what is that? Only a car

of coal drawn by a mule (the animal lives down here), and driven by a boy no larger than your own little son—shall you ever see him again?

Was that an explosion? “By no means,” they say, reassuringly. “It was only the shutting of one of the mine doors.” You succumb at last to the nameless terror and ask in all meekness, “Can we go up now?”

“Certainly,” is the welcome reply, and you enter the “elevator” and actually see a faint point of light far above—as far as the sky, it seems. But it comes nearer and nearer, until you step out upon the earth, under God’s heavens once more, and feel that if no one were looking you would kiss the very ground on which you stand.

Coal? Never again will it be anything but “black diamonds” to you! You have seen a little, a very little, of what it costs. But a life in the mine, a life of darkness, of discomfort, of physical torture and mental deterioration, is the height of ambition of the boys in the breaker yonder! Heaven help them! Heaven help the country that permits such things! Heaven help us if we do not do our utmost to help them!

“But,” asks the friend at your side, “if you educate all the people, who will do the dirty work, the hard labour?” Yes, who? Will you leave your boy uneducated, that he may be one of those whom a kind (?) Providence thus pro-

vides? We are not concerned, here and now, with that phase of the subject. We do but contend that childhood and youth are defrauded in our own America, and that their rights must be restored, for the sake of the country as well as of themselves.

"But if they do not work they will run the streets in idleness." Not if "we, the people," do our duty by them positively as well as negatively.

"The work of the small boys at the hard coal mines," writes Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy, Acting Secretary of the National Child Labour Committee, "is principally in the breakers. In the coal breaker the employment of the boys is in picking slate from the coal. Seated on a board laid across the chute in which the coal comes pouring down from the heavy cylinders where it was dumped by the mine cars to be broken into sizes, the little boy regulates the flow of coal by the position of his feet in the chute, and picks out the slate and rock as the coal runs past. In the breakers where the coal is cleaned dry, the cloud of dust is so dense that light cannot penetrate, and even on bright days the breaker boys are compelled to wear mine lamps in their little caps to enable them to see the coal at their own feet. On sultry days the dust cloud is often seen hanging like a heavy pall above the great coal breaker for an hour after the work of the day is done."

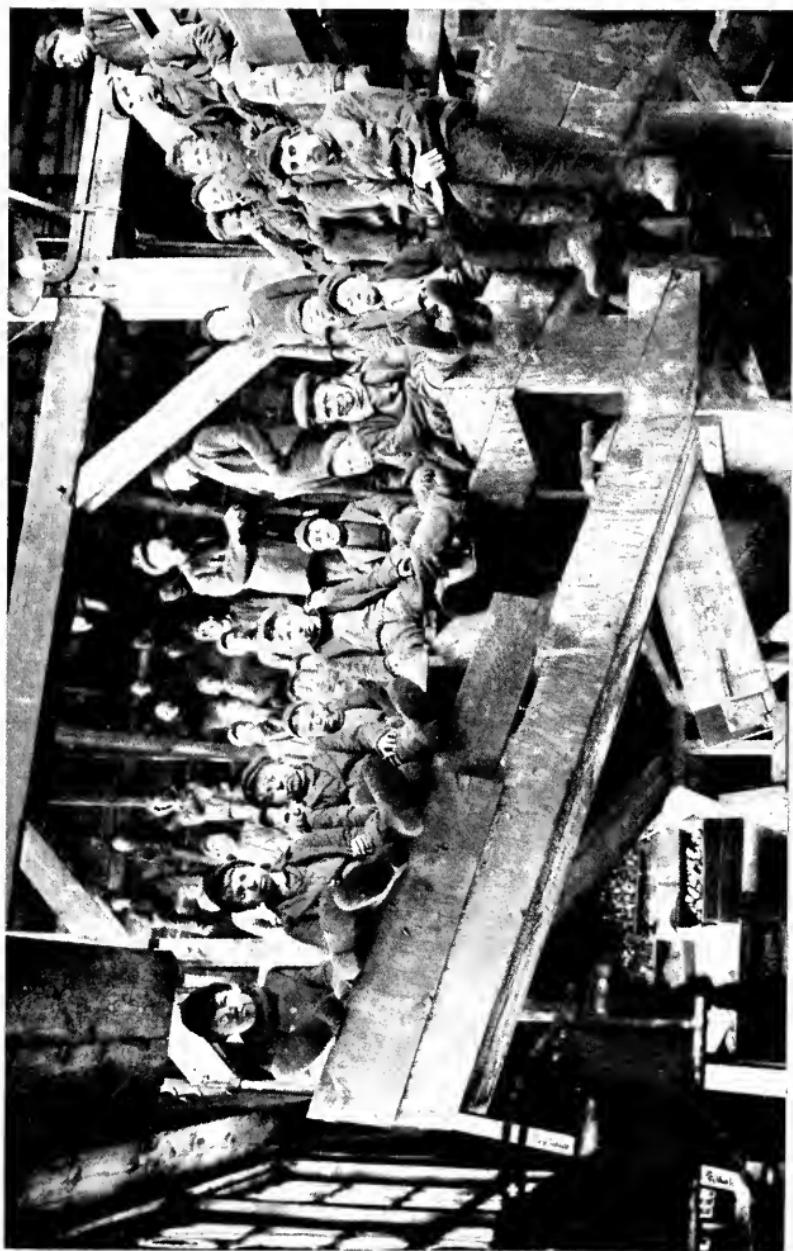
The breaker boys! Poor little humpbacks, made so by Greed and Gain! When they leave their torturing, monotonous work in the breakers, where the air is so thick with coal dust that they cannot see five feet ahead, what are their surroundings? Desolate streets, piles of culm that almost shut out the sky, yawning pits, blackness everywhere. No Board of Health inspects these alleyways, no Village Improvement Society looks after the back yards that hide behind the miserable apologies for homes. It is all an "abomination of desolation."

And as for the girls, the silk industry is rushing into the mining regions where girl labour is cheap and abundant. With this fact in mind, it is not difficult to forecast the future of those who—Slavs, Bohemians, Italians, or of whatever race they may be—are to be the mothers of American citizens.

IN GLASS FACTORIES

It is almost literal to say that a Moloch to which others of our "coming citizens" are sacrificed, is found in the glass manufactories.

"Thousands of children by day or by night," says Edwin Markham, "in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and along the Ohio River, are at work at this intense and prostrating labour . . . and chiefly upon soil consecrated to freedom by the groans and prayers of the awful winter at



Courtesy *Woman's Home Companion*
BREAKER BOYS

Valley Forge and by the bloody sweat of the Wyoming Massacre."

A goodly per cent. of all the glass workers of the nation are boys under fourteen years of age. They are at the beck and call of the glass-blowers, rushing at utmost speed back and forth between furnaces and workmen, in a temperature like that of the hottest summer, carrying trays loaded with heated glassware, holding it for re-heating at the "glory-hole" (what mockery of name!), and subject to accidents due to the heated glass. A careful observer estimates that in eight hours of such work he saw a boy run with his dangerous load not less than twenty-two miles.

As a matter of course, such conditions tend to intemperance, and the saloons often found around the factories afford ample opportunity for the indulgence of the appetite for liquor. "The grogillery will no longer be the refuge of the hopeless when we have rooted out the hopeless drudgery of the world." Impurity is sure to accompany intemperance. "When a boy goes into the glass factory at twelve or thirteen years of age, by the time he is fifteen or sixteen he is too foul-mouthed to associate with decent people."

Not all glass factories are like those described. In some, machinery has been substituted for child labour, and those doing so insist that it pays. Careful attention is given to conditions in and around many establishments, saloons are driven

back as far as the law permits and drunkenness is cause for dismissal. But enough of the wrong sort remain to warrant the continued hue and cry.

IN OTHER INDUSTRIES

The child-workers breathe coal dust in the breakers, lint in the cotton mills, sawdust in the furniture factories, and alkaline dust in soap factories. In felt factories the air is filled with fibres of wool, in tobacco houses with a fine, snuff-like, poison-laden dust; the naphtha of rubber works, the phosphorus of matches, the lead of type-foundries, all attack the lungs of the children who are exposed to them during the hours of work. And wherever the nature of the work does not render it unprofitable, "night work by children is the rule and not the exception."

In the slums of New York city, the beautiful wreath that My Lady eagerly buys for her "Easter bonnet" is made by mother and grandmother and all the six girls, from the oldest of fourteen to the baby of five, who deftly picks the leaves apart. There are seventy separate flowers in the wreath, and each pétal has to be curled, and petal, bud, and green leaf must be strung on the glued stem with a final twist. And the family is paid twenty-five cents for a dozen wreaths!

Girls in their early teens strip tobacco for "stogies," in damp tenement cellars. Women

cut and sew filthy carpet rags at two cents for two hundred and forty yards, earning five to fifteen cents a day.

Children of two and a half years help their tenement house mothers in their sweatshop work. At three, they can straighten out tobacco leaves, at four put covers on paper boxes, between four and six sew buttons on trousers and pull basting threads. At seven they can "dip candy" from seven in the morning to seven at night, and from seventy-eight to eighty hours a week at Christmas time. Girls of eight to twelve can finish trousers as well as their mothers. And all these things are actually done, and for the very stores at which patriotic, Christian women trade. Scarlet fever or other contagious disease in the home is no bar to the work. The half-made garments can be used as coverlids for the sick while the sewing goes on. These are the factors of the problem. It is easy for one who cares only for money to find its solution.

"Half the time," said a shrewd observer, "the children ain't a mite to blame for their sulky tempers. Some of 'em are down-hearted from the start. Why, I knew of a baby down to Hard-scrabble that was discouraged when it wasn't but two days old." Small wonder that so many of the babies of the city tenements get "discouraged," and give up the bitter struggle before life has fairly begun.

"The newsboy's service is demoralizing, but the messenger service is debauching. Boys are sent at all hours of the day or night into all sorts of places, and after the boy has added to his own experiences the experiences he secures through the exchange of confidences with his fellow workers, his education has proceeded very far in those lines in which we strive hardest to limit knowledge among children. . . . Practically every disreputable house has its call box, and one has but to press a button and a boy is sent from a messenger office on any errand of sin."

"Hardly any one will argue that the lobby of a hotel with the ribald jest and obscene yarn that often pass current there, is a fit place for young boys. Yet the city hotels employ children twelve, thirteen and fourteen years old in occupations which, from the viewpoint of moral insurance, can only be classed as 'extra hazardous.'"

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL

"Talk about protection to 'infant industries'! Let us have it for 'infant industry,' or there will soon be no industries at all."

"It pays, my masters, to grind little children into dividends, for the silks and muslins do not show the stain of blood, although they are splashed with scarlet on God's side."

"The reserve strength of the nation for to-morrow is with these children of to-day."

Think of your little girl in one of those textile mills in the South working night shifts. You know that your child's eyes

begin to droop when night falls. At that hour you want your little one to be safely tucked in bed. You would think it monstrous if your little child should be forcibly kept awake till midnight. What, then, do you think of that other child's being kept awake all night, its eyelids drooping, its strength going from it till it is hardly able to stand?—*Felix Adler.*

For a day, or a night, at a stretch, these little children do some one monotonous thing—abusing their eyes in watching the rushing threads, dwarfing their muscles in an eternity of petty movements . . . bestowing ceaseless, anxious attention for hours when science says that a twenty minutes' strain is enough for a young mind.—*Edwin Markham.*

The census of 1900 reported half a million native-born children in the United States between ten and fourteen years of age, who could neither read nor write. Note that these were native American children, not the children of newly-come immigrants. Among them were included the little black child in the fields picking cotton and the little white child in the mills spinning and helping to weave it.

The country might have been more startled by the figures had it not taken five years for the census authorities to issue the bulletin containing them. By the time the story was told, many of the children enumerated were married or dead. Married! Think of what, by all the laws of heredity, their children will be!

"As to the cotton crop," writes Mrs. Florence Kelley, Secretary of the National Consumers' League, "we Americans are so very eager! We have even been willing to corrupt the men who knew anything about it if they would give us tidings a few hours ahead of the legal moment of publication. But for information about the children who work up the cotton crop, we can wait until they are grown up and married! We Americans care so little about the working children, who are citizens in the bud, who will be the Republic when we are dead! . . .

"It is time to recognize that the children who will be the Republic have rights now. It is important that the American

people should know under what circumstances they are living, and working, and becoming invalids or criminals, thousands of them dying in childhood or early youth. Surely it is more important to know these things, than we may act upon the knowledge, than to be informed with furious haste whenever another great [government] department hopes that it has found some new variety of insect that may destroy the boll-weevil. Surely it is more important that the American people should know what is really happening to its young children than that we should learn at brief intervals how the young lobsters are faring on the coast of Maine and the young trout in the streams of Northern Wisconsin. . . . We rank with Russia in the matter of our half-million illiterate native children."

FROM EMPLOYERS' STANDPOINTS

"We cannot altogether blame the manufacturers when these people are fairly urging them to take on their children in the mills. And we need to remember, also, that to many of these unfortunate people factory life is a distinct improvement on the log cabin, salt pork, and peach-brandy 'cracker' type of life from which they were sorted out when the mills came. The manufacturer does not see as yet that when these people drift to the factory centres they become industrial, social and political factors in an altogether new and more serious sense."

A prominent business man states emphatically that, as a rule, for every dollar earned by a child under fourteen years of age tenfold is taken from his earning capacity in later years.

Said the superintendent of a glass factory, "Some people are born to work with their brains, and some with their hands. Look at these boys. It is idle to take them from the glass works in order to give them an education. They are what they are and will always remain so."

"Not long ago the owner of a large factory, the employer of many people, took me through his plant. We came upon a

little girl who, he said, earned \$7 a week at piece work. Bent over her machine, she was working as fast as her arms could move. On hearing our voices in passing she looked up, and when I saw her flushed face already indicating physical disability I asked her employer, ‘ How much will she earn five years hence if she continues at this work ? ’ His reply was, ‘ I presume we shall have to have another girl in her place by that time.’ ”

Of the same type was a maker of factory machinery who made special announcement that his machines were adapted to the use of very small children !

Said another employer, pointing to a group of boys, “ Look into their faces and you can see that they are not fitted for anything else. You must be careful not to be too much of a providence to people who are born for another kind of existence. I shall oppose every effort that is made for improved child legislation in this state.” Alas for the nation when control of human lives is in the hands of men without education or heart !

“ There are employers who take a larger economic view, and who realize that it is to their own interests to favour the giving of larger opportunities to the child. But they are rare. Said one of these, ‘ I do not want any children under sixteen years of age in my employ. I do not believe it pays to have children. It pays better to give higher wages to adults and get the greater concentration of effort that adult labour can bring.’ ”

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

Many of the “ breaker boys ” are Americans, because born in this country, although of foreign parentage and under conditions most foreign to American life and thought. But even if the laws that forbid their employment under a reasonable age were enforced, the son of the most illiterate foreigner, if a day over the legal age, may begin work with absolutely no conception of what it means to be an American, and may vote at twenty-one. Who wonders at “ boss rule ” under such

conditions? "The problem is the problem of the American child born in a foreign country."

Said the Slav mother of an eleven-year-old girl, "Sallie no need no more school. She got more school as me already."

A coal-breaker foreman remarked, "It's queer how all these little fellows who have come to us this spring are just fourteen, and were all born on the first of May!"

That a large proportion of the next generation of factory operatives are growing up stunted in body and mind, and nearly all of them illiterate in a section of the country where the general average of illiteracy is already appalling, is a matter of the greatest concern—a social and civic and economic menace to the community.

"There is no substitute for manhood. No fuel will keep the fires burning on the nation's altars save virtue, intelligence and industrial efficiency.

"And were it necessary to employ these little boys of nine and ten years in order to produce coal at a reasonable price—which no intelligent person believes—better mortgage the factory and the farm and the store and the church and the home to pay the coal bill than put a mortgage on the efficiency of the coming generations that may require centuries to lift."

That the lamp of his Soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company! Alas,—must the Soul lie blinded and dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas, was this, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, that I call a tragedy were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by sane computation it does.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

Statistics show that, in proportion to the number employed, accidents to working children are 250 or 300 per cent. more than to adults. "All our boasted protection to home and childhood stands ashamed before the bare fact that in working out our industrial purposes in America we subject our little children to a danger nearly three times as great as that incurred by men, instead of throwing around the weak and defenseless those special safeguards invoked by their helplessness—a humane principle recognized as fundamental by nearly every savage tribe in the history of human evolution."

"To sit all day over a dusty coal chute, fixing the mind wholly on the distinction between a piece of coal and a piece of rock or slate, and in the close company of a group of boys free from the restraints of home or school, is a kind of preparation for a nine-year-old boy from which, it is true, many have emerged to noble and educated manhood, but from which I venture every right-thinking father and mother who reads these words would make all possible sacrifice to shield their own boys.

"It is unnecessary here to enter upon a discussion of the evils of profanity, obscenity, gambling, and various forms of physical intemperance. It is enough to say that the lives of many of the small boys in the coal regions are already so tainted by vicious habits that an almost insuperable obstacle to a maturity of virtue and intelligence is presented."

I had been down town, supping and talking about the East Side, that strange city within a city, and was returning on the subway about two o'clock in the morning. I became aware of a little lad sitting opposite me, a childish-faced, delicate little creature of eleven years or so, wearing the uniform of a messenger. He drooped from fatigue, roused himself with a start, edged off his seat with a sigh, stepped off the car and was vanishing up-stairs, into the electric glare of Eighth Street, as the train drew out of the station.

"What on earth," said I, "is that baby doing abroad at this

time of night?" And then this weary little wretch became the irritant centre of a painful region of inquiry. "How many hours a day may a child work in New York City," I began to ask people, "and when may a boy leave school?"

I had blundered, I found, on the weakest spot in America's fine front of national well-being. . . . Before I had done with the question I had come upon amazing things. Just think of it! This richest, greatest country the world has ever seen, has over 1,700,000 children under fifteen years of age toiling in fields, factories, mines and workshops.

These working children cannot be learning to read, though they will presently be having votes, they cannot grow up fit to bear arms, to be in any sense but a vile, computing sweater's sense, men. They will avenge themselves by supplying the stuff for vice and crime, for yet more criminal and corrupt political manipulations. One million seven hundred thousand children, practically uneducated, are growing up darkened, marred and dangerous.—*H. G. Wells, in Harper's Weekly.*

[In this striking picture, the notable English writer has fallen into the natural error of confounding agricultural conditions of child-labour familiar to him in England, with the very different, and unobjectionable conditions prevailing in this country. But even with this allowance, enough truth remains to make the arraignment a serious one.]

"Is this the Christian civilization we compute in our census returns and brag of in our Bible classes? Is this the religion we carry to the Congo, the Ganges, the Hoang-Ho? Is it Christ or Mammon who stands to-day at the corner of the streets and says, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me'?"

Forces of leonine violence, forces of serpentine cunning, forces of selfish greed, as well as forces of peaceful industry and domestic labour, must consent to be led in peaceful procession, while walking before them, drawing their might with his innocence, his helplessness and his promise, is the figure of the little

child. God speed the day! God hasten the coming of the age when the child shall not be driven but shall lead, when the child shall not be the prey of giant forces, that are now contending for the mastery, but shall quell and tame their violence, and inaugurate the reign of universal brotherhood.—*A. J. McKelway.*

WHAT ANSWER?

Out of the lanes and alleys,
Out of the vile purlieu,
Summon the wee battalions,
Pass them in long review.
Grimy and ragged and faded—
Say, if you choose, with a tear,
“These are the ones of His kingdom,
And thus do I keep them here.”

Here, where the tenements breed them,
Gather them, gather them in,
Heirs to the kingdom of heaven,
Bound in the maze of sin.
What have ye done to uplift them,
These whom He loves so well?
Oh, tiny and worn, unkempt and forlorn,
Us of your heritage tell.

The faces, the wee, weary faces,
Old ere their time, so old!
Who from His kingdom tore them,
And into this bondage sold?
Folk of the stately churches,
Here is the baby host,
Heirs to a Father’s glory,
Marked with the grim word, “Lost!”

The faces, the old, old faces,
On bodies so wee, so wee,
Whose is the hand that crushed them,

And made them the dred and the lee?
“Suffer the little children,”—
Is this the answer we bear?
That they live their lives in the haunts and hives,
The children of dumb despair?

—*Selected.*

REVIEW QUESTIONS

- Describe conditions among the American Highlanders.
Why, and by whom, have cotton mills been established in the Southern States?
What changes take place when a family from the mountains moves to a factory town?
Describe child work in southern mills.
What is the most hopeful phase of immigration?
Describe a visit to a coal mine.
Describe the work of the breaker boys.
Describe the work of boys in glass factories.
What evils result from it?
What are the evils of child work in cities?
What dangers does it often bring to purchasers of goods?
What special evils lie in wait for telegraph and messenger boys?
What should be done for “the children of toil” to-day, in order to fit them for to-morrow?

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Child Labour in the Department Store. Franklin N. Brewer.

A suggestive sketch of child labour so adjusted as to be an aid in the development of character. Also

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The Life of the Georgia Cracker. Quoted from the New York Sun in Current Literature, January, 1900.

Social Settlements and their Work among Children. Prof. Graham R. Taylor, of the Chicago Commons. The Chautauquan, June, 1906.

Charities, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York City, has frequent and most interesting articles on child labour.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

The reports of the National Child Labour Committee (Fourth Avenue and 22d Street, New York City), contain much of interest on this subject. Those of the National Consumers' League (same address) show from year to year the progress of the needed reform.

The League of Social Service (New York City) has for sale, lantern slides that will help to emphasize the facts presented.

Learn about the child labour laws in your own state.

Study the character of the foreign population from which child labourers are mostly recruited. (See "The Incoming Millions.")

What do newsboys and messenger boys read? Learn by observation and inquiry and consider the probable results.

In localities where "gangs" of foreigners are at work, as where railroad-building, canal-digging, etc., are carried on, study the conditions under which the men and half-grown boys are housed and fed.

Who picks the berries and cranberries of the eastern markets? (See *Charities* for Nov. 4, 1905. 10 cents.)

What does the Christmas season bring to child-toilers of the city?

Make a list of the trades in your town or city that employ children under sixteen years of age.

Analyze, without prejudice, the reasons given by girls for preferring factory to kitchen work. What conclusions may be drawn from the facts?

WITH MISTAKEN FAITHS

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

* * * * *

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

—Tennyson.

BIBLE LESSON

The Law of Purity

In Life.—Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.—Ps. 24: 3, 4.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.—Matt. 5: 8.

The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart.—1 Tim. 1: 5.

Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure . . . think on these things.—Phil. 4: 8.

In Worship.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—Ex. 20: 3.

The Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto Himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth.—Deut. 14: 2.

(May these words be rightfully applied to this nation? If so, what is its responsibility and its duty?)

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?
—Ps. 115: 2.

(Why are “the ends of the earth” coming to this land?)

V

WITH MISTAKEN FAITHS

MORMONS

No sketch of the conditions surrounding the young people of the land would be complete without including the special difficulties that beset the path of the young people of Mormonism. A striking cartoon in a missionary magazine represents a white-bearded, dignified old man, a Bishop, at least, standing by a table on which rests the "political balance." Its scalepans, labelled respectively, "Mormon Democratic Vote," and "Mormon Republican Vote," are filled with voters and equally poised. In his right hand he holds the third "bunch" of voters, as he carefully scans papers in his left labelled, "Bid."

What does it mean? Listen to the words spoken by a Bishop of the Mormon Church, in 1880:

Our church has been organized only fifty years, yet behold its wealth and its power. We look forward with perfect confidence to the day when we will hold the reins of the United States government. This is our present temporal aim. Today we hold the balance of political power in Idaho. We rule Utah absolutely, and in a short time we will hold the balance

of political power in Arizona and Wyoming. Our people are obedient. Our vote is solid and will remain so. It will be thrown where it will do the most good for the church. Then, in some political crisis, the two present political parties will bid for our support. . . . We will then hold the balance of power and dictate to the country.

That much of the prophecy has been fulfilled, cannot be doubted by those who have studied the signs of the times, especially within the last ten years. But our immediate concern is with the ideal of patriotic manhood, and the purity of the franchise, held up before the eyes of Mormon youth. We talk of the evils, and they are many, of purchased votes in our great cities. But what are these compared with the absolute removal of personal choice and freedom of manly decision, that must be the lot of a loyal young Mormon? What sort of citizen for a Republic is he likely to become?

In November, 1906, *The Improvement Era*, a magazine much read by the young people of Mormonism, contained the following statement in a letter from President Joseph E. Smith: "Just now there is a tendency among some of the thoughtless young men to sympathize with the fight against the church authorities waged by the assassins of virtue, the supporters of vice and riot and wine and lewd women, gambling, robbery, and general corruption." Remembering that the "fight" is against polygamy and

disloyalty, and that it is carried on by the Christian church and by Christian organizations, the epithets applied to the opponents of Mormonism have more than their face value as indexes of thought that will crystallize into action as rapidly as opportunity permits.

But yet more subtle forces are poisoning the lives of even the children of the Mormon faith. The language of religion, as understood by the Christian world, has become so allied to impurity that its interpretation in the thought of a Mormon child is entirely perverted. We speak of the Son of God, who "loved righteousness and hated iniquity." The Mormon child thinks of Christ as a polygamist. We talk of "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." The Mormon catechism questions, "Are there more Gods than one?" and answers, "Yes, many. When our Father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, one of his wives, with him"; and in the *Journal of Discourses*, a standard authority in the Mormon Church, Joseph Smith distinctly claims that men are gods, saying, "God Himself was once as we are now, and is *an exalted man*."

The children in our Sunday-schools are taught that "by one man [Adam] sin entered into the world, and death by sin." The child who learns the Mormon catechism—and it is most carefully

taught—reads that “we ought to consider the fall of our first parents as one of the great steps to exaltation and happiness, and one ordered by God in His infinite wisdom.” We believe in purity of heart and life as essential to Christianity. Polygamy, and that of the most debasing kind, in forms distinctly forbidden even in the Mosaic law, is taught and practiced by the leaders of the Mormon church—and this in violation of solemn promises and in defiance of the government of the United States.

When church and state, united in one, inculcate immorality, treason, falsehood, hypocrisy, blind obedience to rulers and the breaking of faith as a righteous thing, what can be expected from children and youth that are growing up under such influences? What becomes of the sanctity of the home, of pure parenthood and sheltered childhood? “A hierarchy that controls the conscience of its voters and enforces its orders with threats of eternal damnation and promises of substantial reward, is as dangerous as it is un-American.”

The regular church program for a week, as reported by a missionary in Utah, shows the pains taken to reach the young people and to hold them to the Mormon faith. “Monday evening is young ladies’ meeting, Tuesday young men’s meeting. On Wednesday evening there is a meeting for ‘deacons,’ or boys who have been

baptized and have become members of the church. Thursday evening comes Bible Study, and on Friday a lecture or a dance—sometimes both. One day in the week a children's meeting is held, and once a month 'conjoint,' a kind of literary meeting in which the program is given by the young people." Mormon dances are opened with prayer, and are sometimes held in the audience room of the church. They are not even decorous, in many cases, but through them the church has a hold upon its young adherents. Few Mormon children own a Bible. A lad in his teens may be sent across the seas as a missionary, especially if he is thought to be growing lax in the faith. Home life, of course, is on a low plane, books and magazines are few. The highest glory of the Mormon woman is to have children—the more in number the greater her glory, especially in the hereafter.

REAL LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS

My hostess introduced two young women each as "Mrs. J. B. Wilson." They must have seen the surprise on my face, for one of the young women immediately said:

"Oh, yes, we are a polygamous family and we are not ashamed of it, either."

Polygamous wives are received in the so-called best society of Utah cities. Indeed, the Mormons naturally fix the fashionable standards in Utah, and any Gentile who should be outspoken in opposition to polygamy or Mormonism would not have a very happy time in society. Ostracism in society and business is the lot of those who criticise the church. They ruin

their enemies' business through the agency of boycott; they drive women away by destroying their reputation.

I remember one Sunday in a Mormon village church seeing two little old women dressed exactly alike, sitting together in a front pew. Inquiring whether they were twins, I was informed that they were plural wives. They were dressed just alike in order that neither might be jealous of the other's attire.—*Marion Bonsall.*

"The truth is, Mormons are trained from childhood to deceive Gentiles, and they do it easily and comfortably. Some people are harsh enough to say that they lie with perfect ease and frankness. They can explain even their horrible doctrine of polygamy so sweetly that it looks almost like a good thing."

One family we visited were Mormons but not polygamists. The house consisted of two rooms and a woodshed, cluttered and filthy in the extreme. The mother and two children were as untidy as the house. The conversation turned upon polygamy. Of course, being a Mormon, the woman declared her belief in it, but said that only the very best Mormons could practice it. She was not good enough. "Did not Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have plural wives? Was it not a command from God to replenish the earth, and was not the air filled with spirits waiting for bodies in order to come to this earth to live?" All these questions she asked with an air of sincerity, and added that they were indeed obliged to give up (?) the practice of polygamy, but they believed it just the same, and would die for the doctrine! Well may Bishop —— say, "I have been around the world, visited every mission field, come in contact with every ism and religion, but the greatest problem the Christian church has before it to-day is Mormonism."—*Woman's Home Missions.*

"Many a sweet girl face comes to me as I write and seems to say, 'Tell them I was not meant for this.' These girls see Gentile households, the love of the one man for the one woman,

and the woman radiantly happy in the sole love of the father of her children. They are growing discontented with the family life in which they were reared. Blessed discontent—the first step to better things!"

"The day is surely coming when the holy estate of matrimony will be holy even in Utah, when the Mormon home shall be no longer a breeding-place, but a home where little children grow like flowers in the sunshine of happy motherhood and real fatherhood—a home sanctified by the presence of the King of Love."

A Christian Endeavour officer in New York City became a convert to Mormonism and went to Utah. Returning to her Christian faith, she testifies that "under the doctrine of spiritual marriage the Mormons live lives of licentiousness more awful than that seen among the most abandoned in New York City."

Not long since, upon entering a crowded car, I sat down by a woman I knew to be one of the children of "Bill" Hickman, formerly one of Brigham Young's chief Danites, or "destroying angels." Having known of an accident that cost the life of one of her brothers I spoke to her of it thus:

"That was a terrible thing that happened to Sam."
"Why, what was that?"
"Sam was killed."
"Oh, is that so? How did it happen?"
"He was asphyxiated in a mine at S—"
"Well, now, is that so? Poor Sam!" (All this without a particle of show of feeling.)

Resuming, she said, "You see, I did not know him very well, anyhow. I saw him not over two or three times."

"By the way, Mrs. ——, how many children were there of you?"

"Thirty-six, twenty girls and sixteen boys; pa had six wives, you know, and some of them had pretty large families. What will you think when I tell you that of all those twenty girls, only two went to the bad? Was not that remarkable?"

"Considering everything, I do think it was remarkable," said I, and we changed the subject of our conversation.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

"There was, of course, rejoicing in Utah when the Senate of the United States voted that Mr. Smoot should retain his seat as a member of that body. In Provo, the home of Mr. Smoot, the students and faculty of Brigham Young University, of which Mr. Smoot is a trustee, formed a procession and marched to the city square, headed by the university band. They carried a coffin supposed to contain the effigy of ex-Senator Cannon, who has stood like a rock against the wiles and powers of the Mormon hierarchy. The president of this university admitted on the witness stand in the Smoot investigation that he was a polygamist, as are several members of the board of trustees.

"This outbreak is said to have had but one parallel in the history of Provo. That was a Fourth of July celebration, in 1885, when an effigy of Liberty was placed in a coffin and publicly buried, because the United States government was prosecuting polygamy and unlawful cohabitation."

ORIENTALS

"Little grown-up wise ones, all softness and circles," writes a traveller in California of the Chinese babies. And wise, indeed, they seem, with an Old-World wisdom, as if realizing the shabby reception that awaits them from their fellow-Americans. For Chinese girls, especially, life in this country affords but a sorry prospect. Most of them enter it unwelcomed and unloved; they pass in seclusion and darkness what should be its sunniest days, living in small, crowded rooms that are sweat-shops as well as dwellings, and taught—almost their only teaching—to raise



"Little grown-up wise ones, all softness and circles"



Of Oriental parentage, but Young Americans—citizens to-be
ORIENTAL AMERICANS

their tiny hands in worship before ancestral tablets or images of Buddha. In veriest childhood they are betrothed—often sold—to men who may be of mature years and are usually mature in sin, and to whom the wee maidens are but playthings of passion, or slaves of sin and shame. And the masters of these helpless babes—oh, the shame of it!—are often of our own blood.

Underground Chinatown staggered civilized America when the scourge of earthquake and fire swept over it and exposed its degradation and iniquity. But the lesson is still unlearned, and to-day the traffic in Chinese girls is no less terrible. And the girls thus bought and sold in Christian America are not direct imports from over seas, except in occasional cases. They are American born, they are your sisters and mine, albeit with slanting eyes and skin of a differing tint. They will make up a part of the citizenship of America's to-morrow.

Very different possibilities open before a Chinese boy. His sister may not be thought worthy of a name, but he has three—one given by his parents, with sacrifices to the joss and much ceremony, when he is a month old. The second is bestowed by his teacher when he first goes to school, and the third, his "honourable name," is conferred at the time of his marriage. But however proud of his son the father may be, he gives him little or no training, and the lad

grows up self-willed and determined to have his own way in everything. His home is likely to be also a gambling and an opium den. His father's first wife is probably in China, and his own mother is a slave, bought with American money, and subject to the absolute will and pleasure of the father of her son. Small chance have these young Celestials—nay, these young Americans—for home-training in morals. And what can their fathers know—much less teach—of the duties of citizenship in a Republic in which they may not take part?

But sadder than the fate of these little ones—for some of whom kindergarten and school open their doors—is that of Chinese girls held behind bolts and bars in houses of prostitution, girls who were kidnapped in China and brought across the seas for this vile purpose; girls who were decoyed by false promises of marriage—"picture brides," who have seen only the photograph of the man to whom they have been "married" in China; or they may be Chinese-American daughters of the Golden State with freedom as their birthright, held against their will and entrapped for lives of misery and sin.

Of what these girls may become when rescued and taught with Christian love and care, the Mission Homes give eloquent witness.

With the rigid enforcement of the Chinese

exclusion laws, the importation of Japanese girls in similar ways and for the same evil purposes, received new impetus. The Chinese-Japanese agitation on the Pacific coast is comparable only to the earthquake shocks that undermined its very foundations. But back of it all are Japan, young, strong, vigorous, victorious—China just waking from the sleep of centuries—America, recognizing, in spite of its surface contradictions, the brotherhood of men—and

“ God within the silence,
Keeping watch above His own.”

Who can doubt that among His “little ones” are numbered these of China and Japan, sent here by His providence?

The situation in the Hawaiian Islands closely resembles that in the United States, except that the absence of exclusion laws until the islands became a part of this country gave opportunity for many Chinese to settle there and they have become an important and valuable portion of the inhabitants. Japanese, too, have emigrated there in large numbers, and among them is the chief field of missionary work at the present time. The needs of Japanese women and children in this “Paradise of the Pacific” cannot fail to make powerful appeal to Christian hearts who realize them.

The Hawaiians believe that when one is asleep

his soul leaves the body and goes wandering away into empty spaces. Should a person die in his sleep he becomes homeless forever, and their most terrible curse is, " May you die sleeping." Alas, if the American nation, lulled to slumber by indifference and selfishness, should " die sleeping " !

DOES IT PAY ?

" Hello, little man, where are you going so fast ? " asked a gentleman of a tiny Chinese lad who was running along the street.

" I'm going to sing Jesus," was the reply. Back into the narrow, dark alleys and the dark, dingy homes go the boys and girls from the mission kindergartens still " singing Jesus." And still the promise holds true—" A little child shall lead them."

" Last Friday I gave a Bible lesson to the children, and as I finished I remember thinking, ' What good has it done them ? ' So I was surprised this morning when little Ah Tup, who is only five years old, voluntarily repeated to me the substance of what I had told the children last Friday, and then looked up at me with his wide, black eyes and said, ' I remember every day what you say.' "

One of the girls from a Mission Home married a Christian man ; when he set up the family altar he made a vow that when he had acquired a certain amount of money in his business he would return to China and use it for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ in his native land. He did not forget his promise. He returned to his own village, built a chapel, hired a preacher and opened a school for children, its teacher being a girl from the same Home. He has continued this work for several years.

Girls trained in the Mission Homes are now Bible readers

among the Chinese and Japanese of various California cities, as well as in China.

In the rush and terror of the escape from a doomed Mission Home at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, the twenty or more Chinese girls who were old enough to permit it were sent into the Home to gather what each could snatch of personal belongings before taking flight. Later, it was discovered that *not one of them had failed to rescue her Bible.*

REVIEW QUESTIONS

Mormons

Describe the cartoon of the Mormon vote and explain its meaning.

What was said in the *Improvement Era*?

How is even religious phraseology poisoned for the mind of a Mormon child?

What pains do the Mormons take to reach and hold their young people?

Orientals

(a) Describe the life of a Chinese girl in this country.
(b) Of a Chinese boy.

How and for what are Chinese and Japanese girls bought and sold in America?

What special field for mission work is found in the Hawaiian Islands?

What dangers to the "citizens of to-morrow" exist among these people "of mistaken faiths"?

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112 CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW

The Tragedy of the Mormon Woman. Marion Bonsall.
The Housekeeper (Minneapolis, Minn), July, 1905--Feb., 1906.

The Babies of Chinatown. Mary Davison. The Cosmopolitan, April, 1900.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

Place pictures on the map.

If Mormon missionaries have been in the vicinity secure personal experiences of interviews with them.

What of the Chinese or Japanese near you—is anything being done to lead them to believe that the Christian Church cares for their souls?

“JUST HOW”

Jesus Christ would never have redeemed the world if He had brought His lunch and gone back to heaven every night.—*Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.*

“Dear to the heart of the Shepherd,
 Dear are the lambs of His fold,
Some from the pastures are straying,
 Hungry and helpless and cold.
See, the Good Shepherd is seeking,
 Seeking the lambs that are lost,
Bringing them in with rejoicing,
 Saved at such infinite cost.”

We are agitating and striving more and more, not only to save the children from the wrong kind of work at the wrong time and under wrong conditions, but at the same time to prepare them for the right kind of work at the right time and under right conditions, that the citizens of to-morrow may work for and be worthy of the highest ideals of the republic.—*Judge Ben. B. Lindsey.*

BIBLE LESSON

The Law of Service

A vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us.—Acts 16: 9.

(It is no “vision” that comes to the Christian Church to-day. Our “Macedonia” is across the seas, but it is also in the homeland, and from the snows to the tropics, under the flag of stars, echoes the pleading call, “Come over and help us.”)

If the Syrians be too strong for me, then thou shalt help me; but if the children of Ammon be too strong for thee, then I will help thee.—1 Chron. 19: 12.

(It was the promise of mutual help in a successful battle for “our people and for the cities of our God.” How does it apply to the battle waged to-day for the sake of to-morrow?)

Ye also helping together by prayer for us.—2 Cor. 1: 11.

(No one is precluded from helping, for “prayer moves the Arm that moves the world.”)

Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mispeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7: 12.

(No other words so well express the deep gratitude of missionary workers when they see what has been accomplished “for God and country.” “He hath not dealt so with any nation.” “The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” But still He needs our help to insure the fulfillment of the prophecy, “He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; He hath blessed thy children within thee.”)

VI

"JUST HOW"

"O H, please let me go home! I can't stay here. I've tried, truly I've tried, and I can't. Do please write and say I may go home!"

Homesick—that was all! And little wonder, for the girl had gone from a log cabin in the mountains of southwestern Virginia to an Industrial Home in North Carolina; had gone from a happy-go-lucky kind of life, characterized by disregard of much that we call civilization, to the exquisite neatness and order and training of the home; from a place where there had been no school for three years that a Negro girl could attend, to the discipline of the schoolroom. Homesick? Girls from other sorts of homes are sometimes homesick during their first days in "boarding-school."

The receiver of the letter found smiles and tears very near each other as she read it. She filed it carefully away and at the end of the year there was another to place beside it—another that gave most emphatic affirmative answer to the question, "Do you want to go back next fall?"

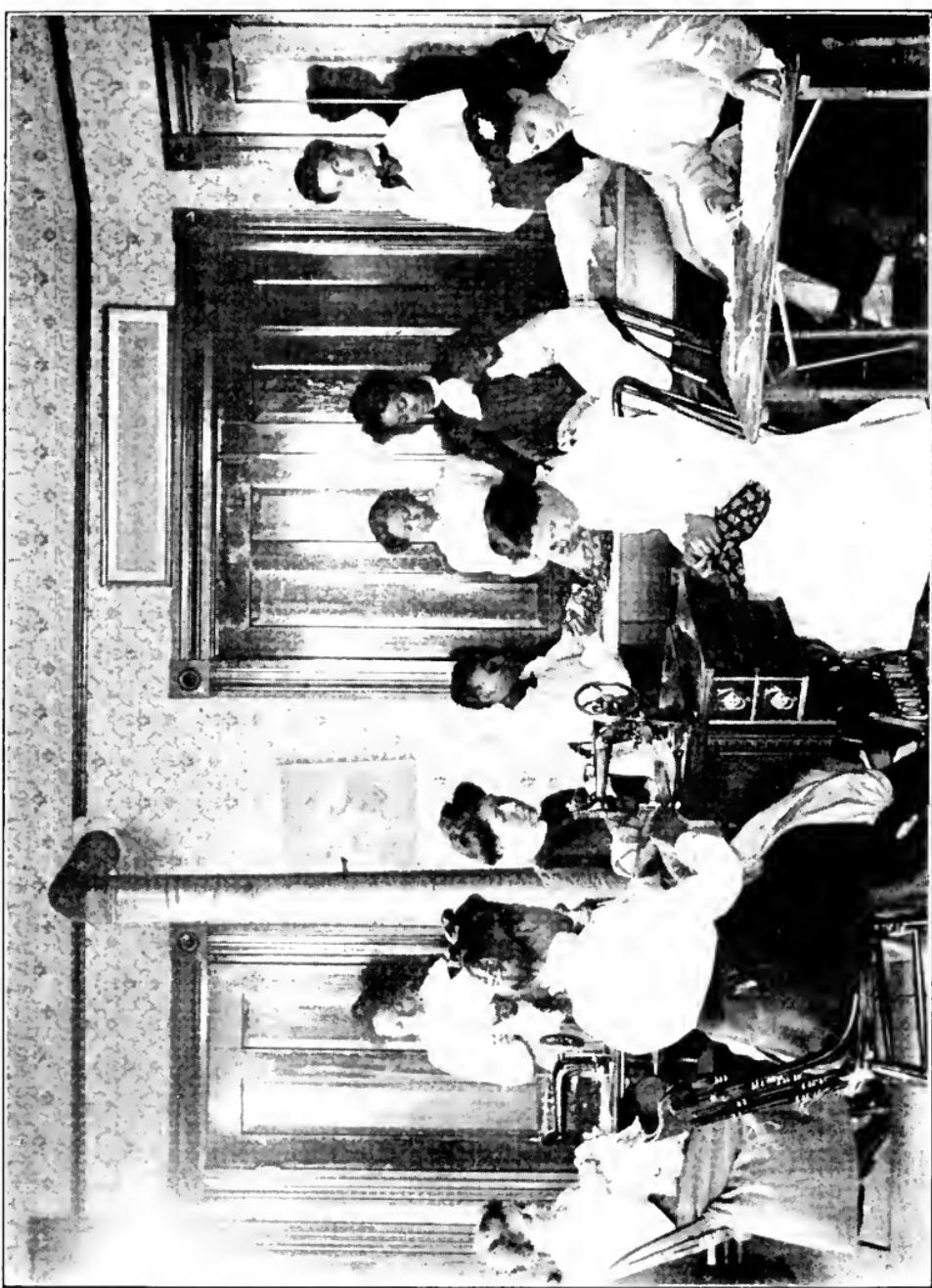
The teaching and the training that were trans-

forming this thirteen-year-old girl, are repeated in thousands of lives each year. In our cities, settlements, day nurseries, free dispensaries, hospitals, clubs, and classes, kindergartens and free baths, fresh air excursions and Homes, vacation schools, roof gardens, fireside schools, and many other manifestations of the Christ spirit, help to develop and uplift the "citizens of to-morrow."

But none of these, nor all of them, can do all that needs to be done to bless the homes of the present and the future. For this, many new currents of thought must be established, new habits inculcated, new possibilities opened for hand and brain. Hence the wisdom of founding "Homes with a capital H." Sometimes they are "farm schools," in which boys and girls are taught how to make the barren places "bud and blossom." Sometimes mechanics, in the form of various trades, gives not only training for the time being but occupation for manhood and womanhood. Sometimes the emphasis is placed upon home-making, and the gentle arts of housewifery, especially in the Homes for girls alone. A description of one of these will fairly illustrate the type known as

INDUSTRIAL HOMES

"I want to come to the Industrious Home," wrote an applicant, and the name is no misnomer.



COMING HOME-MAKERS

The day in the Home begins early, for it takes time for the cooks to prepare the morning meal. While they are at work, other busy hands must sweep and dust, the “bread girls” must shape the snowy loaves for the day’s baking, the laundry girls must begin the sorting of clothes for the wash or make preparations for ironing. Bible verses must be reviewed so as to be ready for the morning hour of worship, and hands and faces and clothing must be made clean and neat, not only for breakfast but for school.

Here is a girl mopping the floor—possibly like one who after receiving her first lesson in such work, was told to wash the windows. She went to them with the mop, in prompt obedience. When the teacher said, “Oh, that’s not the way ; we don’t wash windows with mops,” the child replied in self-defense, “How should I know? I never was in a house before that had either a floor or windows in it.”

By nine o’clock—or earlier, if the school is not in the Home—the house is in order, the breakfast dishes have been washed, the needful preparations made for dinner, and ready response is given to the school bell. The occasional loiterer or half-hearted worker soon learns that neglect of work brings demerits as surely as failure in her studies, and wholesome emulation assists the matron in her cares.

Dinner and supper are likewise prepared and

served by the girls of the Home. Afternoon hours are spent in school work, although recreation is not forgotten. The evening, to early bedtime, is given up, also, to work and study. It sounds simple enough. But imagine yourself the house-mother of forty or fifty girls—many of them untrained,—expected to accomplish by their help alone, the work of the household ; remember that table etiquette, personal neatness, right habits of living, are to be learned, as well as housekeeping, home-making, cooking and sewing ; and all in such a way that they may take the knowledge back to their own homes when the too brief school life is over, and there, without antagonizing, re-teach the lessons of the Mission Home.

The work must be kept within the limits of future possibilities. To teach girls who must go back to bake " light bread " in a home-made oven the methods of using only a modern range would be mistaken kindness. But they must learn that " they who begin at the kitchen generally work upward, and get somewhere. The parlour makes a poor pivotal point."

Nor must the spiritual side be forgotten ; to the missionary teacher it is ever of primary importance. The evening prayer hour when the little ones of the Home gather in the twilight and lisp the " Now I lay me " that they could never have learned from their own mothers ; the Bible study,

the prayer meetings and temperance meetings of the Home ; the Sunday services with their preparations of baths and clean clothes ; the habits of thrift and of giving to be established ; the “ talks ” with the girls—often the most helpful part of the whole training ; the chidings and forgivings, the stern discipline at time, the patient study of individual characters and needs, the councils with other teachers, the temporal things of the Home and its work for which the superintendent is responsible to the Society she represents, the reception of parents and guests—when we think of it all we can but reverse the Scripture encomium and say, “ She hath done what she could not ”—what it was not in the power of human hands and hearts to do. Well may her pupils “ rise up and call her blessed.”

“ The students come into the pure atmosphere of a happy Christian home. The law of kindness and obedience is the natural law in this, to them, charmed spot. Orderly habits, pure language, the daily devotions, grace at each meal, the study of the Bible, the weekly prayer-meetings, the Sunday-school, the gospel service of song, have an indescribable power to lead many into the Christian life and a purpose of usefulness to others.”

A WORD OF CAUTION

“ Please write a letter for our next meeting.

It will be so much more interesting to have a letter directly from the Home." "Can we not have a letter from the girl we are supporting? We would like to write her and to hear from her frequently." Requests like these are not uncommon, but there is a "just how" for the workers at home as well as for those in the field. To comply with such very natural wishes is to add to burdens already heavy. A large proportion of the pupils in mission schools and Homes are quite unable to write letters that would give any real information to strangers concerning themselves or their progress. To permit letters to be freely sent and received by them, is out of the question, for many reasons, and to oversee such correspondence would make no small addition to the cares of those in charge. Besides, with all the work and study that is expected from the pupils, small time is left for letter-writing. We count as "busy" the boys and girls in our own homes. But if they had the housework, or farm-work, to carry on at the same time with lessons from books and in sewing, cooking, etc., the problem of time would be still more serious. The "just how" for the supporters of mission work includes careful consideration for those in the field, and one way to do this is to place dependence on the publications of the Society for details of the work, always abundant and of intense interest.

What this form of service means, is admirably told by a teacher working under the American Missionary Association, among the “cabin folk” in the coves and narrow valleys of Tennessee:

“Can you imagine what it would mean to you to leave a little one or two-roomed cabin, with one window or with none, with ventilation and light obtained through cracks and chinks in the boards, where you must tack up newspapers over the walls to keep out the searching winds; can you imagine what it would mean to come from such a home into neat, airy rooms, whose simple furnishings seem almost palatial, to learn to use two sheets on a bed at one time, to enjoy a simple variety of food in the cheery dining-room served on a table covered with a white cloth, to find out the uses of a fork, and that napkins are an enjoyable substitute for the back of the hand, or the coat sleeve? That is what it means to some of our pupils to come here. Not to all, by any means, for four or six-roomed cottages, with windows and many of the comforts of life, are becoming more and more common; such are owned most frequently by the graduates of our school, their friends and relatives.

“Can you imagine what it means to leave a little school that has been held some years only two months, some years only six weeks, and whose best teacher has never studied beyond the eighth grade, whose poorest teacher’s chief recommen-

dation is his ability to 'sit out the money,' and enter our pleasant buildings, where for eight months and a half a new world is spread out before you?

"More than all, can you imagine what it would mean to come from a community where church services are held once a month, where religion is considered as good to get and good to die by, but of little account in daily life—to come into an atmosphere of steady Christian living, to attend church and Sunday-school, Christian Endeavour, and prayer-meeting every week, to be present at morning prayers each day, to find that religion may help in getting the lesson, in doing the housework? Do you wonder that it is good to watch the steady growth of Christian character of the pupil brought into this atmosphere, to see the spirit of Christian helpfulness and service that gradually becomes the strong motive in his life?

"It is a personal matter to each one of you that we are turning out men and women, educated, Christian citizens; that the young girl who was graduated last year is willing to go this year into a little log cabin turned into a schoolhouse, fitted up with rough board benches and desks, to board in a windowless home, that she may help out the parents who are begging that their children be taught, and who have done their best in providing for the school. It is a personal matter

to each one of you that ministers, missionaries, and Christian business men go forth from these school doors."

Entering the door of such a Home one evening a tall, gaunt girl looked around in amazement. It was all very simple—a strip of rag carpet on the floor, some potted plants, lights that seemed marvellously brilliant to her unaccustomed eyes. "Well," she said, after a long pause, "I done reckons I'se got ter heaven." And the house-mother, whose long experience had taught her to see with the eyes of the girl as well as with her own, answered gently, "No, you have not got to heaven. But you've come where we try to show girls the way to heaven."

What becomes of those educated in Mission Homes and schools? To answer the question one must needs go over the records of every mission school in the country, and even then fail to gain complete information. They are teachers of sewing, cooking, carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, and other trades; they manage farms and machine shops, often their own property; they are nurses, physicians, lawyers, preachers, and teachers in schools of all grades; they become librarians, matrons of various institutions, missionaries in all parts of their own country and on foreign fields; best of all, and that for which the Homes chiefly exist, they are true home-makers, careful, wise husbands and fathers, true,

devoted and capable mothers, thus building up homes that are of untold value not only to the races that they represent but to every American citizen. For the homes of a nation shape its destiny, and the character of those homes is a prime factor in the citizenship of to-morrow.

LOOKING FORWARD

No greater harm can be done to Christendom than by neglecting the training of the children, and to advance the cause of Christ we must teach and train them.—*Martin Luther.*

“Ability to read and write is only a single feature of the true education. A training is required that will make the man *a man* and the woman *a woman* of the best type, resolute for any task and competent for all required duties.”

“Ah, years to come, of storm and stress and struggle and, alas, of sin, I challenge you to banish from these plastic hearts the haunting memory of that song [in the mission school] ‘How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour.’”

The highest duty of the state is to its children. Just so far as we protect them and make them the object of our solicitude, just so far are we going to increase the power, strength and wealth of the state. It is only the short-sighted and the selfish and those who live for to-day thinking not of the to-morrow, who refuse to acknowledge this truth.

The future of our country depends a great deal more upon the kind of children we are rearing to-day, how well their little bodies are shaped and their morals directed, than upon how much business we have or how much gold is yielded.—*Judge Ben B. Lindsey.*

LESSONS IN HOME-MAKING

“In Industrial Homes they learn the dignity of labour; they discover that brains and skill are needed in the commonest acts

of life; they realize that the simplest vegetables may be made savory, the plainest utensils be the most useful. As they pass from room to room, from one line of work to another, that secret so often hidden becomes revealed—the vast difference between housekeeping and home-making. One is business, the other art. They are taught to combine the two, and while cleaning up the cabin and making it and all within it most healthful, they also add the little touches of beauty and comfort that shall reach the soul, and transform the hut into a home.”

It is not possible for such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee to put cooks into homes. But it is possible for us to create a spirit that will make every woman feel that there is as much dignity in cooking as in teaching.—*Booker T. Washington.*

Hampton Institute has the honour of originating a unique course in arithmetic, which includes problems of this practical sort :

“ If loop tapes are to be three inches long when finished, are turned in one-eighth inch and sewed one-fourth inch below the band, how many inches long must they be cut ?

“ From three yards of yard-wide material cut cooking caps twenty-one inches in diameter. How many can you cut ?

“ I wish to build a house for seventy-five hens, and to allow each hen ten square feet of floor space. If it is twelve feet wide, how long must it be ? ”

The following is the course in Home-making in an Industrial Home in North Carolina :

First year.—Personal neatness, names of dishes and their uses; polishing and care of silverware; sweeping, dusting, bed-making; general arrangement and care of sleeping-rooms; plain laundry work.

Second year.—Care of table and kitchenware; setting, waiting on and clearing of table; avoidance of disease germs; food values and food principles; preparing and cooking of vege-

tables; clear starching and fine laundry work; sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, scouring.

Third year.—Raising, killing, dressing of poultry; care of the cow, care of milk, butter-making; making of tea, coffee, and mushes; kinds and quality of flour; yeasts, breads and puddings; care of living-rooms; fancy laundry work, curtains, laces, etc.

Fourth year.—Choice cooking of meat and fish; attractive ways of cooking cheap cuts of meat; soups, sauces, salads, desserts; cake and pastry-making; preserving of fruit; cooking for the sick and ailing; candy-making; care of house-plants, the planning of the home, its decorations, etc.

"The mountain region of the South is much of it rich in mineral resources, which are being developed slowly as the railroads penetrate the country. So far the miners are almost entirely Americans, many of them being Highlanders. Will you send them down to the mining towns ignorant, superstitious, with a religion that having been once acquired in a frenzy at a protracted meeting, is of no further value, and is powerless to help them meet the temptations that come with life in a railroad town, where they have more money than they ever expected in their wildest dreams on the mountainside? Or will you first give them knowledge and help them develop characters that will enable them to meet and defeat temptation, to make right and wise use of the power that comes into their hands with the possession of money? Will it not be cheaper in the long run to educate this generation that it may help the next itself, than to pay the costs of crime and vice?"

The cultivation of native industries is becoming a feature of recognized importance among uplifting agencies. The rugs and baskets of the Indians, the homespun linen and coverlets of the mountaineers, may be made factors in the lessons of honest work for work's sake, the nobility of labour, and its value, that are no less important than those of books.

From a missionary teacher.—"My constant cry to God and

to the Negro race is, ‘ Give us women ; women who will stand for purity, integrity, godliness, and honour ; women who will stand for home and all that it means.’ And I think God is hearing our prayers, for all over this state now I can go and find my girls who have been trained in this school, married to respectable men, raising good families, standing by the church and the best interests of the community in which they live.”

THE NEEDS OF THE CITY

“ Children small,
Spilt like blots about the city.
Quay and street and palace wall —
Take them up into your pity.

“ Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of to repeat
When they come on you for payment.”

Said a visitor to a deaconess as the two sat together over a cup of tea in the tiny living-room of the Settlement, “ How can you keep things in such exquisite order when you are so cramped for room ? ”

“ Oh,” replied the cheery little woman, “ that is an important part of my mission work. This tidy room is an object lesson. I must be able to show the women who live in cramped quarters that it is not necessary to be untidy.”

“ Nobody who knows children supposes that they are sitting at home with folded hands, particularly when home means two or three small rooms already crowded with furniture and babies and washtubs, and very deficient in light and air. But what *are* they doing, this immense army of school age, and the uncounted thousands a little younger, scarcely out of babyhood, and yet old enough to be in the streets? . . . Have they any one thing to do out of doors that is simple and natural and healthful? ”

The wail of the trained kindergartner has been answered to

some extent by city playgrounds and park sections given over to the small people of the tenements. But take a walk through the tenement regions of any city, and answer for yourself the pertinent question.

Cash girls, factory girls, shop girls, from grandmother to mother, from mother to daughter, how can they know anything about the beautiful, blessed art of home-making? They had to earn their little wages the best they could, with unskilled hands, "to help along," till they were married. Then a work was thrust upon them from which an angel might well stand back abashed.—*Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing.*

Said a friendly visitor in a poor home, to the mother: "Are you not afraid your little girls will grow up to find other places more attractive than the home, and, still worse, to let their own homes some day be the untidy reflection of this?" (The mother had just apologized for the dirt and disorder, though she had no legitimate excuse to offer.)

"I never thought of that," she exclaimed. "To tell the truth, I had no training at home. I went to work in a factory when I was fourteen, and I didn't know anything about house-keeping when I was married at seventeen. There's been no one to teach me. I don't wonder that my husband doesn't like to stay at home! I wish I could learn now."—*Woman's Home Missions.*

"ONE COUNTRY"

"We give our heads and our hearts to our country."

It was a chorus of child voices that spoke the great words. The children stood in long rows between the desks of a city schoolroom, hands firmly at sides, heads erect, shoulders squared in a gallant endeavour to present a soldierly appearance to an admiring world.

But the real soldier was the tiniest boy of all. We knew he was the real soldier because he carried the flag. He stood high on a table facing the others and he was proud to have been chosen to that exalted position, so he stood even straighter

than the rest and gripped the staff of his flag with a noble zeal.

They were such dots of children, all of them. None had lived more than five or six years in this strange world, and most had lived even less in this strange country. One little Russian had come off the ship only yesterday, and her puzzled eyes sought continual answer to silent questions while her sturdy little hands and feet imitated the motions of the child in front. There were Giovani and Beatrice and Francesco and Maria and Simon and Abram, all with dark eyes and foreign faces, all quiet and obedient, perhaps a little timid, many still struggling with the strange English words which were spoken to them and which they must speak in reply. I do not think you could have found a William or a Mary among them, or even a Patrick or a Honora. They were children of alien races, and alien tongues.

“Now,” said the teacher, “ready!” And the little soldier stood straighter than ever.

“We give our heads and our hearts to our country,” came the clear, measured chorus. Little fingers touched first the brows, and then—alas!—their obtrusive little stomachs. “One country, one language, one flag.”

The tiny soldier waved his starry banner and all heads bowed low in salute. The little alien children are aliens no longer, but Americans. And they themselves sign their seal and adoption by the salute to the flag. . . . We must hasten the more—we who love our country—and would see its traditions perpetuated and its work in the world fulfilled—to take this wealth of raw material that is being daily poured out upon our shores and mould it while it is still pliable, into a noble and useful race.—*The Congregationalist.*

THE WORK OF HOME MISSIONS

In the Talmud we are told that when Moses was to receive the law of God from his people the Almighty demanded hostage. Moses offered first the patriarchs, saying, “We are descendants of Isaac and Abraham. Are we not worthy of the

Law Divine?" But the Almighty refused to receive them as hostage.

Then Moses offered the prophets, saying, "We have certainly produced great men. Are we not worthy of the Law Divine?" But the Almighty rejected these also, as insufficient security.

Then Moses presented the children of his people, and there-upon God granted him the law.

The sense of this parable is plain. No nation can live on its past. The crown of America is certainly studded with precious gems—the great deeds and the great value of the generations that were, whose children we are. But the past is not sufficient. No nation can live alone on its glorious patriots, though its great men are proofs of its vitality. America has produced great men, men of great thoughts, of deep purposes, who sang and spoke in tones that might stir the world to its best. But the nation that has produced these great men certainly must not construe this production into a right now to forget its duty to humanity.

The nation that loves children and allows its children to grow up as children should, with minds trained, souls purified, and bodies kept in vigour—children that are protected in their childhood, under their parents' authority, and made to know what respect and obedience imply—that nation receives from God the Law of Life, that nation will endure.—*Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch.*

A Bit of Experience.—"I had heard about missionary work, of course, from the time I was a wee child in the primary department of the Sunday-school. It meant to me the giving of my pennies monthly, the hearing of missionary stories from the platform, the learning of missionary recitations and songs—all this in an abstract, general kind of way, that had in it nothing personal. But once on a time a new minister came to the church, and one day 'we girls' were invited to spend an afternoon with the 'mistress of the manse.' I realized then, and for the first time, that missionary work meant something on

this side of the oceans as well as across them. For the first time, I recognized girls, white and black, Indian girls amid the ignorance and degradation of their wigwams and pueblos, Alaskan girls beset with dangers from which I was blessedly spared, girls of tenement houses in the city slums, as my sisters. Then and there, although I did not realize what it might mean in the future, I gave myself to the work of home missions.”

Fond fathers bequeath their business interests to trusted sons, and loving mothers commit precious heirlooms and priceless personal belongings to the daughters who bear their likeness, sustained by the thought that they will at least be remembered in the homes that they are leaving.

Bits of fine embroidery, choice pieces of rare old lace, fine cameos, curiously wrought chains, and precious rings, keep the donor constantly in the mind of the one who receives them as gifts. In the attics of the olden time there are hair-covered trunks filled with the curious, substantial finery of our great-grandmothers, and the personal traits of these shadowy ancestors who once adorned their home life with youthful beauty and grace are revived in tender reminiscences as these heirlooms are brought forth to deck the festivities of modern youth, or to add support to the wardrobe of present-day needs.

The young women of our churches ought to realize what a noble inheritance is being accumulated for them by the consecrated hearts, heads and hands of the Woman’s Home Missionary societies. The majestic march of these societies leads among the Indians and Mexicans, across Utah, into the sections of the Orient in America, up to Alaska, down to Cuba and Porto Rico, along prairie reaches and into mountain defiles, and all the fine property that they have accumulated, their Training-schools, Industrial Homes and Schools, their Missions, Hospitals, and Deaconess Homes, are to be handed down to the care of the young womanhood of to-day.

If mother’s lace and jewels are precious in the eyes of the daughter, how much more precious to the Christian girl will be the marvellous institutions for Christian work that the mother-

society has so wonderfully established and for which it so beautifully cares.—*Mrs. C. W. Gallagher.*

REVIEW QUESTIONS

Name various agencies that are helping to uplift the "citizens of to-morrow."

Describe a morning in an Industrial Home.

Describe the work of the house-mother in such a Home.

How are its students fitted to be leaders in church and society as well as home-makers?

What are the results of such teaching and training?

What bearing has Home Missionary work on the future of our country?

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

Prepare sheets or a panel of pictures illustrative of an Industrial Home and the development of its pupils. Show, first, a child before entering the Home, and its environment. Follow this with pictures descriptive of the work of the Home—sewing and cooking classes, schoolrooms, etc. If possible, present a later picture of the same child after receiving the training of the Home.

“MY BROTHER’S KEEPER”

For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Burns.*

VII

"MY BROTHER'S KEEPER"

(To be read in Auxiliary or Circle meeting)

THE traveller in a Pullman car on an express train knows whether the fields that he passes so rapidly are waste land, or tilled, whether the fences are well kept up, or in ruins, whether the weeds and bushes crowd them, or the thrifty farmer has cultivated the land to its borders. He may not be able to make the chemical analyses required to determine the exact nature of the soil, or the crops to which it is best adapted, but if seeking where he may invest money in farming lands to the best advantage, he will be guided—at least to the extent of making further inquiries—by the glimpses caught from the car windows.

To learn all about the "citizens of to-morrow" who are the boys and girls and the young people of to-day, would be impossible in the rapid survey afforded by a single book. But surely the glimpses that have been given cannot fail to lead to further inquiry.

The warm-hearted, impulsive Spanish girls and boys, those with still darker skins who are

looking out with troubled questionings upon the future, the children and youth in igloos and barabaras who "have not so much as known" that life holds anything better than they have seen, the "funny little people with eyes cut bias" who are yet Americans, the young-old children of toil, the throngs in city streets who know nothing of church or Sunday-school,—all of these are a part of "we, the people," whether we wish it, or not. What shall we do with them?

The question must first take another form—"What shall we do *for* them?" And this makes it a matter of personal responsibility, a duty resting upon every Christian heart.

The seal of the Loyal Temperance Legion has as its central figure the Madonna of the Chair, her eyes filled with the tender love and awe of motherhood. In her arms is the wondrous Child, and behind her is the cross, emblem of our faith and hope, draped with the stars and stripes of our fatherland. Oh, Christian womanhood, American womanhood, what are you doing to hasten the time when every mother in our land shall clasp her babe to her heart in solemn thankfulness and joyful trust, beneath the shadow of the cross and under the star-gemmed banner of a country purified and redeemed? What are you doing for these other mothers, so ignorant and helpless? Untrained themselves, how can they train their children?



"Little papoose—he 'Merican boy. Who will teach him the
'Jesus road'?"

LITTLE PAPOOSE

Side by side with your own these children will walk in the day so soon to dawn, the day when your great heart of mother-love can no longer shelter its beloved. Tenderly you guide your own past pitfalls that wait their every footstep. What of the dangers of to-morrow? Which is wiser, to teach your children to recognize the poison-weeds that grow on every hand and leave to them the task of extermination, or to join labour with teaching now, and thus make safer paths for all feet by and by?

In spite of our best efforts, not all the weeds will be rooted up while we are privileged to help. Does not this fact create still another obligation—that of giving to your own the knowledge that you possess, and training them not only to recognize the weeds but to help now in exterminating them? Where are we to look for the missionary workers of to-morrow? Is it not the duty of every mother who sees the need of home missions to teach her children to see, also, and to help for love's sweet sake? In every denomination there is opportunity for the enrollment of the children and young people for active missionary service. Are your sons, your daughters, thus enrolled? Have you prayed that they might know and love the cause of home missions—nay, the cause of missions, for "the world is very small, and the arms of love and faith encircle it"? Alas, if the Master should

say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not—ye did it not to Me."

In the early dawn of time two young men stood side by side. As boys they had played together—for play is the birthright of childhood, and was not lost with Eden. At the same mother's knee they had learned to worship One of whom she told them, One who had "walked in the garden in the cool of the day." The first sons of humanity, they bore the burden of its first sin, a seed whose fruit was jealousy and fratricide.

Was it, perhaps, the first time that Cain had heard the Voice that questioned, "Where is thy brother?" Did the earth tremble with the shock of the first falsehood uttered by human lips as Cain replied, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?"

The question has sounded down the ages. It is spoken to-day, in sincere inquiry as well as with indifference, by the young people of our churches.

Oh, young men, young women, you who gather in Christian churches and Sunday-schools, who have your Leagues, your societies of Christian Endeavour, your Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations—listen! They are going down to death, they are growing up in ignorance and sin, brothers and sisters of

yours! Through them does the Master say, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground"?

You who, standing on life's threshold, seeing before you the days to come, bright with the sunlight of glorious hope, ask yourselves where you can best invest your lives "for God and country"—listen! Do you hear them call, these brothers and sisters of yours—calling by their ignorance, their superstition, their utmost need—calling in the name of Him whose you are and whom you are pledged to serve?

Can you do better with your lives than to give them as He gave—for others? Give them by your prayers, give them by the money that you may receive from Him, give them by giving yourselves that these others may have a chance?

Will it be nothing to you to hear as you look over the battlements of heaven, the cries of the redeemed who say, "We are coming! We are coming! The light of the morning is in our faces, the vigour of true, pure manhood and womanhood in our veins. We are coming, America's hope, America's salvation!"

As these words are written, the echo of the Easter bells is still ringing. "He is risen, He is risen!" they say. Is He risen, indeed, in our hearts and lives? Is He a living Presence, impelling us to service for these others, His little ones, who, without our help, may have no chance

to hear the Easter story, or know the Easter joy? Oh, young people of our churches, what does the resurrection of the Christ mean to you?

The lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,

The music pours out like a sea-wave, breaking in praise at His feet,

Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus is risen again,

But we watch for the signs of His living in the life of the children of men.

Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the wrongs that have shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,

Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed!

So fling out your banners, brave toilers! Bring lilies to altar and shrine,

Ring out, Easter bells, He is risen, for thee is the token and sign.

There's a world moving sunward and Godward, ye are called to the front, ye must lead!

Behind are the grave and the darkness. The Master is risen indeed!

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

STATISTICAL TABLES

(Work of the Woman's Home Missionary Societies)

“ Here’s to the Cause and the years that have passed !
Here’s to the Cause, it will triumph at last !
The End shall illumine the hearts that have braved
All the years and the fears that the Cause might be saved.
And though what we hoped for and darkly have groped for
 Come not in the manner we prayed that it should,
We shall gladly confess it, and the Cause—may God bless it !
 Shall find us all worthy who did what we could.”

STATISTICAL TABLES

(*Work of the Woman's Home Missionary Societies*)

FOR lack of space, much of the work done for young people by the several home missionary societies of women—as on home mission stations, by deaconesses, etc.,—cannot be enumerated here. To give detailed descriptions of work would not only be contrary to the purpose of this book, but would duplicate information in earlier volumes of the Home Mission Study Course, and in those yet to be issued. The lists that follow are of work for young people alone, so far as it has been possible to classify in this manner. The numbers in parenthesis indicate the sums required for annual scholarships.

BAPTIST

Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, No. 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Alaskans.

Kadiak Baptist Orphanage, Kadiak, Alaska.

Indians.

Indian University, Bacone, Oklahoma.

Murrow Indian Orphans' Home, Atoka, Oklahoma.

Wichita Baptist Mission, Anardarko, Oklahoma.

Elk Creek Mission, Hobart, Oklahoma.

Arapahoe Mission, Watonga, Oklahoma.

Crow Indian Mission, Lodge Grass, Montana.

Two Gray Hills Mission, Crozier, New Mexico.

Negroes.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia.

Mather School, Beaufort, South Carolina.

Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Virginia.

Americus Institute, Americus, Georgia.

Waters Normal Institute, Winton, North Carolina.

Coleman Academy, Gibsland, Louisiana.

Jackson College, Jackson, Mississippi.

Arkansas Baptist College, Little Rock, Arkansas

Spanish.

International School, Monterey, Mexico.

. . . City of Mexico, Mexico.

Echo Mission, Velarde, New Mexico.

Women's Baptist Home Missionary Society,
Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. G. Burdette,
No. 2421 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

This society is largely engaged in educational work. It supports three kindergartens; for Mexican children in Puebla, Mexico; for Chinese children in Portland, Ore.; a kindergarten, primary school, and school of higher grade, for Chinese children in Oakland, Cal.

In schools for Indians there are five representatives of the society, and in schools for negroes thirteen who are "school mothers," giving a mother's care and attention to the development of the young men and women under their charge, including teaching along various industrial lines.

CONGREGATIONAL

National Federation of Woman's Congregational State Home Missionary Organizations. President, Mrs. B. W. Firman, No. 1012 Iowa Street, Oak Park, Ill.

The various state missionary organizations of women do their work on the mission field through the National Missionary Societies of the denomination. They contribute to every department of the field of the American Missionary Association, among the Negroes and the Mountaineers, North American Indians, Eskimo, Chinese and Japanese in California and the Hawaiian Islands, and in Porto Rico. There are ninety-four schools in whose work they largely assist. The average cost per year to a student in one of these schools is \$100.

The purpose of the work is to develop self-supporting, intelligent, Christian manhood and womanhood and such loyalty to American principles of government as shall insure useful citizens.

LUTHERAN

Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. K. B. Shaffer, Delaware, O.

The home mission work of this society is "the establishment of missions, building of churches, etc." It has not started distinctive schools or Homes for young people.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

Woman's Home Missionary Society. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Delia L. Williams, Delaware, O.

Alaskans (\$70).

Jesse Lee Home, Unalaska, Alaska.

Chinese (\$70; Kindergarten, \$15).

. . . San Francisco, California.

Indians (\$50).

. . . Farmington, New Mexico.

Stickney Home, Lynden, Washington.

Japanese and Korean (\$70; Kindergarten, \$15).

Ellen Stark Ford Home, San Francisco.

Susannah Wesley Home, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Mormons.

The society has schools at Spring City, Moroni and Elsinore, Utah.

Mountaineers (\$50).

Rebecca McCleskey Home, Boaz, Alabama.

Bennett Home, Clarkson, Mississippi.
Ebenezer Mitchell Home, Cedar Valley, North Carolina (P. O., Lenoir).
Elizabeth Ritter Home, Athens, Tennessee.

Negroes (\$50).

Adeline Smith Home, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Thayer Home, South Atlanta, Georgia (Kindergarten, \$10).
Haven and Mary Haven Homes, Savannah, Georgia.
Boylan Home, Jacksonville, Florida.
Ingraham Settlement, West Jacksonville, Florida.
Emerson Home, Ocala, Florida.
E. L. Rust Home, Holly Springs, Mississippi.
Allen Home, Asheville, North Carolina.
Kent Home, Greensboro, North Carolina.
Matthew Simpson Home, Orangeburg, South Carolina.
Browning Home, Camden, South Carolina.
New Jersey Home, Morristown, Tennessee.
King Home, Marshall, Texas.
Eliza Dee Home, Marshall, Texas.

Spanish (\$70).

. . . Tucson, Arizona.
Frances De Pauw Home, Los Angeles, California.

Harwood Industrial School, Albuquerque,
New Mexico.

. . . Dulce, New Mexico (\$50).

George O. Robinson Orphanage, San Juan,
Porto Rico (\$40).

McKinley Kindergarten, San Juan, Porto Rico
(\$15).

*Homes for Homeless Children, and Christian
Settlements.*

Cunningham, Urbana, Illinois.

Mothers' Jewels, York, Nebraska (\$50).

Watts de Peyster, Tivoli, New York (\$70).

Elizabeth A. Bradley, Hulton, Pennsylvania
(P. O., Oakmont).

Elizabeth E. Marcy Home, Chicago, Illinois.

Glenn Home, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. W. MacDonell, Nashville, Tenn.

Cubans (\$100).

Wolff School, Ybor City (Tampa) Florida.

West Tampa, Tampa, Florida.

Ruth Hargrove Seminary, Key West, Florida.

Italians.

Italian Day School, Tampa, Florida.

Italian Night School, Tampa, Florida.

Japanese, Chinese, Koreans (\$100).

Chinese Night School, Los Angeles, California.

Japanese School and Home, Alameda, California.

Japanese School and Home, Oakland, California.

Korean School and Home, San Francisco, California.

Mountaineers (\$100).

Sue Bennett School, London, Kentucky.

Brevard Institute, Brevard, North Carolina.

Greenville Orphans' Home, Greenville, Tennessee.

Friendless Girls (\$100).

Vashti Home and School, Thomasville, Georgia.

Rescue School and Home (\$100).

Ann Browder Cunningham School and Home, Dallas, Texas.

Negroes (\$100).

Paine Annex, Augusta, Georgia.

Wesley Houses (Christian Settlements).

Atlanta, Georgia.

Dallas, Texas.

Galveston, Texas.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Mobile, Alabama.

Nashville, Tennessee.

St. Louis, Missouri.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Woman's Board of Home Missions. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ella A. Boole, No. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Alaskans.

Training School, Sitka, Alaska.

Indians.

Mary Gregory Memorial, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Dwight Industrial School, Marble, Oklahoma.

Elm Spring, Welling, Oklahoma.

Henry Kendall College, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Nuyaka (P. O., Okmulgee), Oklahoma.

Tucson, Arizona.

North Fork, California.

Wolf Point, Montana.

Jewett School, Jewett, New Mexico.

Good Will, Good Will, South Dakota.

Mormons.

New Jersey Academy, Logan, Utah.

Wasatch Academy, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Collegiate Institute, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Hungerford Academy, Springville, Utah.

Twenty-one day schools.

Mountaineers.

Harlan, Kentucky.

Brown Memorial School, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky.

Normal and Collegiate Institute, Asheville,
North Carolina.

Home Industrial School, Asheville, North
Carolina.

Farm School, North Carolina.

Laura Sunderland Memorial, Concord, North
Carolina.

Dorland Institute, Hot Springs, North Caro-
lina.

Lawson, West Virginia.

Thirty-two day schools.

Porto Rico and Cuba.

Twelve day schools.

Spanish.

Los Angeles, California.

Menaul School, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Allison School, Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Twenty-four day schools.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL

The Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Mis-
sions. Corresponding Secretary, Miss Julia C.
Emery, No. 281 Fourth Avenue, New York
City.

The work of the woman's auxiliary is so
united with that of the General Board of Mis-
sions, that it is impossible to separate them. The
missionary society of this church works in all
home missionary fields, and receives loyal sup-
port from the women of the church.

REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA

Women's Executive Committee, Board of Domestic Missions. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John S. Allen, No. 25 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

Hope College, Holland, Michigan (\$50).

Wisconsin Memorial Academy, Cedar Grove, Wisconsin (\$40).

Northwestern Classical Academy, Orange City, Iowa (\$40).

Academy, Harrison, South Dakota (\$40).

Indians.

Religious work among the pupils of the Seger Indian School, Colony, Oklahoma.

Orphanage for Indian Children (\$30 and \$50), and day scholars (\$25), Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Religious work among the pupils of the Government School, Comanche Reservation, Oklahoma.

Mountaineers.

Boarding School (\$60).

Day School (\$10), McKee, Kentucky.

Day School (\$10), Gray Hawk, Kentucky.

UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Woman's Board of Missions. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. J. Gruhler, No. 77 Herman Street, Germantown, Penn.

No special work for children and youth is undertaken by this society.

APPENDIX—THE BRIGHTER SIDE

AWAKENING OF THE SOUTH AGAINST CHILD LABOUR

AMOST interesting article on this subject, by Dr. A. J. McKelway, Assistant Secretary of the National Child Labour Committee, was published in *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, for January, 1907. We quote as follows :

Two years ago, I said with reference to child labour in the South: "It is only necessary that the facts be carefully investigated and published, for the demand to become irresistible from the people themselves, that an industry shall not be built upon the basis of child labour."

Then followed a year of defeats to the child labour cause in the South. With no apparent advance, with hope deferred, but faith unshaken, I said then, "In spite of the ineffectiveness of present laws and the violation of solemn agreements (not to employ children under a specified age), and the utter absence of protective legislation in some of the states, I make bold to say, because I know my people and love my people, that the South is too kind-hearted to allow this sacrifice of her children."

And now it is a proud moment of my life, when I can speak of the Southern awakening against child labour as an accomplished fact. Our committee is able to report four splendid victories for our cause : in Maryland, in Kentucky, in Louisiana and in Georgia. Nor is this all. In Alabama child labour reform was written into a party platform. From several other states

come cheering reports of an awakening of public spirit, of aroused public consciences; while in South Carolina the manufacturers are earnestly and sincerely pressing for the enactment of a compulsory education law that will help to solve the child labour problem.

The awakening of the South was, first of all, an industrial awakening. It is difficult to exaggerate the extent of its advancement along industrial lines. Then came the educational awakening. The story of this revival is familiar to all, but the real history of the times is that of patient courage amid great difficulties. And now has begun the application of the best minds of the South to the advancement of social reforms that are vastly more important than the economic questions that have occupied so much of the thought of the nation, or the constitutional questions that have seemingly monopolized the theoretical statesmanship of the South. The agitation had begun in the South, in Alabama, and the echoes of that battle for the children's rights were heard in Boston and awakened the New England conscience to the shame of having New England mill owners of Southern mills, with good laws in their own states for the protection of children, founding the industries of the South upon the basis of child labour. It slowly grew upon the national consciousness that this was a national evil, that while the percentage of child labourers was greater in the South, the actual number of the little toilers was far greater in the North. And now no one speaks in a general way of this national curse without coupling with the evil of child labour in the Southern cotton mills, the sweat shops of New York, the glass factories of New Jersey, the coal mines of Pennsylvania. . . . The object of this reform is not to pass laws but to rescue the children from the mine and from the mill, and to put them into school.

PARK PLAYGROUNDS

Among the most successful efforts at making city parks not only beautiful in themselves, but

adapted as playgrounds for children, are the various parks in and around the city of Boston. The suggestions given in a recent article by Mr. Joseph Lee, Vice-president of the Massachusetts Civics League, may well be considered by makers of other parks :

Children hurt grass very little. At Charlesbank (Boston) children under ten are allowed to run all over the grass. The space is small, not more than an acre or so, and immediately adjoins the most crowded ward of the city, and yet it is only once in a while that the grass has to be allowed a breathing spell in order to recuperate. "Keep off the grass" signs have been abolished in all civilized park systems.

Children do no harm to the paths by digging in them, and they should always be allowed to do so, except in crowded places, and there should be benches where mothers and sisters can watch them do it. They dig in the paths in the Public Gardens and down the middle of Commonwealth Avenue, and nobody ever objects.

Wherever there are steps it is a good thing to have a slanting stone at the side for all-the-year-round coasting. Steep banks are also good, being convenient to roll down.

Children's gardens—an individual garden for each child—may be put around the edges near the fence in many parks, without hurting their esthetic effect. Vines can grow on the fence, and children who do especially well can have their own pieces of fence as a promotion. A child needs a garden only about twenty feet square. This, allowing a little space for paths, gives 2,000 children to the acre. The best age for this, according to many teachers whom I have consulted, is from eleven to thirteen years inclusive.

In many parks there may be a regular playground for little children, including sand boxes and swings. The gardens and the children are good as landscape features. The kindergarten

platform on any playground is always surrounded by a crowd of grown men. As my friend the humourist puts it, "a kid is more fun than a goat, or even a cage full of monkeys."

HOME-MAKING IN MODEL FLATS

Model flats are among the latest developments for teaching tenement children in our cities. They are thus described in an article by Mabel Kittridge in *Charities*:

The flat is in a tenement house and so is directly in touch with the daily life of the people. She who lives there bids the mothers good-morning as they empty the ashes together, and chats with them at the corner grocery. The children run in and out as freely as they do in their own homes. The questions (of course not asked in so many words) of how to live orderly lives on a small income, how to satisfy the desire for pleasurable surroundings inherent in the poorest home-maker, find the beginnings of an answer.

The children who come to classes in the model flat are taught housekeeping in the same surroundings in which they are to practice it later. They will find as much hot water for their dishes in their own homes. With a cheap stove and few utensils the cooking is done without confusion. The problem is how to live in health and comfort in the conditions that must be met in each tenement home.

There is a regular course of domestic work which the pupils must perform in order to pass into the classes in cooking and home furnishings. The younger children require two and three years to gain this simple elementary knowledge. Older girls often graduate within a year. Frequently there are entire classes of engaged girls glad to clean the stove, wash windows, learn how to cook nourishing dinners or to study home furnishing; for the class work side is quickly forgotten in the realization that what they are doing is only a preparation for the homes they are about to make for themselves. That home-

making is an absorbingly interesting problem is proved by the fact that every class is crowded to overflowing.

The pupils go forth to create the same spirit in their own homes. The impression as you enter one of these, even if it be a rear tenement, is of space, light, and fresh air. The floors are free from carpets, the table is without cover, windows are open top and bottom, and the iron beds smooth and well made. Everything, even the poker, the broom and the dust pan, has a nail of its own. If questions arise in the mind of the wife and mother in such a home, as they will, she has only to bring them to the model flat, and she knows that there is some one there always at leisure to talk over knotty problems of home-making in a small place with small means.

BAFFLING FACTORY INSPECTORS

The methods taken to prevent the gathering of information by authorized officials, would be amusing were not the results so serious. *The Factory Inspector* tells of the owner of a planing mill and box factory in the city of Chicago who had but one entrance to his mill and office. The door opened into the outer office, and in the inner office were speaking tubes and telephones connecting with every department. When the inspector called, the attendant in the outer office took his card to the manager in the inner office. On his return, he said the manager would be at leisure in a few moments. Five minutes passed without any sign. Another request was made, receiving a reply similar to the first. It looked suspicious. One of the inspectors went outside and got to the rear of the building, where he

saw twelve to fifteen boys running down the alley. Just then one little fellow dropped from the fire escape into the inspector's arms, crying out, "Let me go. The inspector's coming."

A member of the Consumer's League of Cleveland, Ohio, had a rather humorous experience in making inquiries in a clothing store. There were double doors opening, one to the right, one to the left. At each door there was a small coloured boy. They were beautifully dressed in purple uniforms, with brass buttons down the front. They wore caps and white gloves. After the usual inquiries had been made, the member of the League pointed to the two boys and said, "What about those boys? Are they not under age?"

The owner of the store hastily said, "Madam, don't take those boys away from us. We have just bought those uniforms, and they were made to order." . . . Later, a delegation from the employers told the city solicitor how absolutely impossible it would be to do business if the child labour law were enforced, that they must employ boys under sixteen and girls under eighteen after seven o'clock in the evening, especially during the holiday session—that otherwise trade could not go on. . . . The result of the discussion was that several hundred children were discharged the first year, and older boys and girls, or men and women, took their places. Later

advertisements read, "Boys over sixteen and girls over eighteen wanted."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"This, then, in a word," writes William Noyes, M. A., of the Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York, "is our problem. How the children of the community shall be saved from the evils of premature and deteriorative labour; from ignorance, from idleness, and from the consequent immorality. If the school does not make them intelligently industrious, then the factory, the mine, and the street, will make them ignorantly so, or the street will keep them idle and worthless."

From an interesting paper by Charles W. Dabney, Ph. D., LL. D., President of the University of Cincinnati (published in *The Annals* for 1907) we quote suggestive points for public schools everywhere :

The object of government is really not the protection but the development of men. Government does not mean merely jails and policemen, but it means every agency for the complete development of the child and the man. . . . I do not believe that this curse of child labour is to be attributed entirely to the greed of manufacturers. They are greedy for cheaper labour to be sure, but what about the greed of the parent? Neither, is it true that child labour should be attributed altogether to the greed of the parent, combined with the greed of the manufacturer. The child himself is often greedy—greedy for activity, for association, for money and so for work. Under the old conditions the American child was trained in many trades and

industries on the farm. The trouble at the present day is that since this crowding into cities and this infinite division of industries, opportunities are no longer afforded in the home for teaching the children to work, and so we let them go to the factories. Now the child really loves work; the normal child is filled with the love of activity; the desire to do things is constantly stirring him and seeking an outlet. The boy naturally wants to be doing something. A little fellow came to my office and wanted to hire as an office boy. I looked at him and said,

“My little fellow, you ought to be in school. What do you want to come here for?”

“I am tired of school,” he said,—“nothing doing.” This was a new idea to me. This boy wanted to go to work because there was “nothing doing” in our schools. On further inquiry I found that he did not see any good in it at all. He had learned to read, write and cipher, and something of geography and history, but he wanted to take an active part in the life of this great city. He wanted to be working, to be making some money, and to have something to spend, perhaps, but, most of all, to be out in the big world and doing something.

The trouble is that in too many of our schools there is “nothing doing” to meet the active mind of the boy. He is not satisfied with the conventional education, just the three R’s and nothing else. . . . One thing we have to do is to provide trade education, industrial education. We must provide opportunities for the development of the whole life of the child. . . . Next to industrial education, the great needs of our schools are playgrounds and recreation centres.

If we provide for the whole life of the child, for the development of his whole nature; if we provide sufficient avenues for his characteristic powers and activities; if we give him opportunities both to learn and to work, as he wants to work, and to build up and develop his soul nature, as he desires, and to do it in the school, he will continue there as long as we want him to stay.

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